

ANDREW WHEELER



IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XV.

JULY, 1912

No. 9

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,
THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
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Once more ye bloom and grace the passing hour.
Thy petals shine beneath the skies of blue,
Or stars reflect them in thy gathered dew.
Thy wonder now, ah, can the artist paint?
For thou art robed in beauty like a saint;
And spots of purple and of ruddy gold,
In thy white chalice now we see thee hold.
Ye watch not the light of the pallid moon,
But rejoice in the blaze of sunny noon.
How often, as now, ye have opened fair
In the ancient stillness of desert air;
The painted savage, no doubt, in his pride,
Has gathered thee oft to adorn his bride.
As manna thou cam'st to the pioneer,
When faint and aweary with hunger's fear.
Upon graves ye lay that were dug in tears:
This thought we will cherish in coming years.
And now the Emblem thou art of our State—
Through the years shall blossom and see it great!

—HOPE.



THE UTAH STATE FLOWER.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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The Resurrection and Marriage for Eternity*

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

I say, in all candor, that I am sorry that we cannot have another day or two in which to continue our conference, but it would not be wisdom to do so, under all the circumstances. There are many of our brethren whom you would delight to hear, and who are indeed a tower of strength in testimony and knowledge of the principles of the gospel, who would be delighted to address you, if opportunity would permit. Our brethren of the presiding seventy, will be deprived of the opportunity during this conference of speaking to you, which I regret quite as much as you or they do, and I am sure you all regret not to have the privilege of hearing them; but I cannot see how the time could have been more wisely or earnestly, more intelligently or profitably, spent than it has been. We have had testimonies here from those who mark the third generation of Latter-day Saints, and I am satisfied that there is perhaps no one, other than the Prophet Joseph Smith himself, who could have borne more powerful testimonies of the truth or could have told the truth more clearly, plainly and forcibly than it has been told by these young men who are of the third or fourth generations of Latter-day Saints.

FAITHFULNESS OF THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION

I want to say to you, that there are thousands of young men in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of the third

*Closing remarks at the April General Conference, 1912.

and fourth generation of members of the Church who can bear to you, as firmly and as strongly, their testimony of the divinity of this work, the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and of the mission of the Son of God, as any of their fathers or forefathers could have done. When men predict evil concerning the children of Zion, they become false witnesses before God. It may be true that many of the children of the Latter-day Saints will lack understanding, will fail to improve their minds and their opportunities. It is not at all unlikely that many of the children, whose parents have neglected to teach them in their childhood, will grow up in a measure indifferent to the work of God, but those who are taught the truth will receive it and will abide in it; and there will be sufficient numbers of these to carry on the work of God, to leaven the whole lump; that the leaven of the gospel shall be carried, as it is being carried today, to the uttermost bounds of the earth, and every nation, kindred, tongue and people, will yet have the privilege of hearing the gospel from the mouths and from the inspired testimonies of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth generations of the children of this people. It is the duty of the Latter-day Saints to teach their children the truth, to bring them up in the way they should go, to teach them the first principles of the gospel, the necessity of baptism for the remission of sins, and for membership in the Church of Christ, teaching them the necessity of receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, which will lead them into all truth, and which will reveal to them things that have passed and things which are to come, and show to them more clearly those things which are present with them, that they may comprehend the truth, and that they may walk in the light as Christ is in the light; that they may have fellowship with him, and that his blood may cleanse them from all sin.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD

Speaking of the resurrection, the subject on which so much has been said during this conference, and appropriately said, too—we distinctly believe that Jesus Christ himself is the true, and only true type of the resurrection of men from death unto life. We believe there is no other form of resurrection from death to

life; that as he rose and as he preserved his identity, even to the scars of the wounds in his hands and feet and side, that he could prove himself to those that were skeptical of the possibility of rising from the dead; that he was indeed himself, the Lord crucified, buried in the tomb, and raised again from death to life. So it will be with you and with every son and daughter of Adam, born into the world. You will not lose your identity any more than Christ did. You will be brought forth from death to life again, just as surely as Christ was brought forth from death to life again, just as surely as those who ministered to the Prophet Joseph Smith had been raised from death to life;—therefore, in the same manner in which Christ has been raised, so will life, and the resurrection from death to life again, come upon all who have descended from our first parents. The death that came into the world by Adam's transgression has been conquered, and its terror vanquished by the power and righteousness of the Son of God. He came to redeem man from the temporal death, and also to save him from spiritual death, if he will repent of his sins and will believe on the name of Christ, follow his example, and obey his laws. You may read it in the greatest plainness in the Book of Mormon, in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, as well as in the New Testament, and in the predictions of the ancient prophets concerning the coming of the Son of God and his resurrection from death to life. Paul used the argument that has been recited here a number of times: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?"

ETERNITY OF THE MARRIAGE COVENANT

Why did Jesus teach the doctrine that there was no marrying, nor giving in marriage, in the other world? Why did he teach the doctrine that marriage was instituted by the Father and designed to be accomplished in this life? Why did he rebuke those who sought to entrap him when they brought to him the example of the fulfilment of the Law of Moses, for Moses wrote the law that God gave him, that if a man married in Israel and died without issue, it was the duty of his brother to take his widow and raise up seed unto his brother; and when seven of these brothers (which is

doubtless a problem that these men put to the Savior in order to entrap him if they could) had taken her, to whom should she belong in the resurrection, since they all had her? Jesus declared to them, "Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God." They did not understand the principle of sealing for time and for all eternity; that what God hath joined together neither man nor death can put asunder. (Matt. 19:6.) They had wandered from that principle. It had fallen into disuse among them; they had ceased to understand it; and consequently they did not comprehend the truth; but Christ did. She could only be the wife in eternity of the man to whom she was united by the power of God for eternity, as well as for time; and Christ understood the principle, but he did not cast his pearls before the swine that tempted him.

Why has the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in this dispensation, that great and glorious principle of baptism for the dead, the principle of turning the hearts of the children to the fathers, and of the hearts of the fathers to the children; that the fathers could not be made perfect without the children; that the children could not obtain a fulness of happiness and joy, nor become perfect, without the fathers? Why did he teach us the principle of eternal union of man and wife? Because God knew that we were his children here, to remain his children forever and ever, and that we were just as truly individuals, and that our individuality was as identical as that of the Son of God, and would therefore continue so, worlds without end. So that the man receiving his wife by the power of God, for time and for all eternity, would have the right to claim her and she to claim her husband in the world to come. Neither would be changed, except from mortality to immortality, neither would be other than himself or herself; but they will have their identity in the world to come, precisely as they exercise their individuality and enjoy their identity here. God has revealed this principle, and it has its bearing upon the evidence that we possess of the actual, literal resurrection of the body, just as it is, and as the prophets have declared it in the Book of Mormon. Now, that is the faith of the Latter-day Saints, and that is the doctrine of this Church as taught in the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, the Bible, and the Pearl of Great Price; and we are willing to stand by it; and our children

and our children's children after us, to the latest generation, will abide in this truth, for it is founded on revelation from God.

PERSONAL TESTIMONY

Now, this is my testimony, and I know, just as my brethren know and have said, not any better than they do—for some of my brethren who have spoken here have told my own faith and my own testimony, and my conviction, better than I could do it myself; for they have had the language and power of expression to convey the truth better than I ever could have done it myself, and I believe their testimony,—I know they have told the truth. The Spirit of God bears record of it in my heart. And when I hear my brethren teach these things, when I hear them bear testimony of the truth, it melts my soul, and I glorify my Father in heaven for the truth he has put into the hearts of my fellow servants and co-laborers, in this great and glorious cause of human redemption in which we are so earnestly engaged.

Let me conclude by saying to you what I have said many times, and what I hope I will ever stand by: I would a thousand times rather go to my grave as I am, with the convictions that I possess, than to falter for one instant in that which God has revealed to me. It is more than mortal life to me. My standing in the Church is worth to me more than this life—ten thousand thousand times. For in this I have life everlasting. In this I have the glorious promise of the associations of my loved ones throughout all eternity. In obedience to this work, in the gospel of Jesus Christ, I shall gather around me my family, my children, my children's children, until they become as numerous as the seed of Abraham, or as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore. For this is my right and privilege, and the right and privilege of every member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who holds the Priesthood and will magnify it in the sight of God. Without it there is death and desolation—disintegration and disinheritance; without it there may be a chance to become a ministering spirit, a servant unto servants throughout the endless ages; but in this gospel there is a chance to become a Son of God, in the image and likeness of the Father, and of his only begotten Son in the flesh. I would rather take my boys and my girls to the

grave, while they are innocent, than to see them entrapped in the wickedness, and the unbelief, and the spirit of apostasy, so prevalent in the world, and be led away from the gospel of salvation.

I have lived here some seventy odd years, and I have had a purpose in life, and I have been steadily plodding on toward the accomplishment of that purpose. I have not been able to do any great thing. I do not feel capable of doing any great thing. Whenever, if ever, I say a word that is acceptable to God, whenever I speak his truth, it is by the presence and influence of his Spirit, and it is to his honor and to his glory that I do it. I never have taken any honor unto myself. I want no honor; I claim none except that of being a member of the Church of Christ, the honor of having a standing unsullied, undefiled, unshaken and immovable in the kingdom of my God and his Christ. That is all I want; and I mean to have it, by the help of God. I have gone too far on this road to turn back. I have held the plow too long to look backward in the furrow. I am going on and up, by the help of the Lord, and to the best of my ability, until I fill my mission and accomplish my work, whatever that may be. I thank the Lord for the gospel; I thank him for the testimony of it that I possess, and for the testimony that my brethren possess. That, to me, is worth more than gold, or silver, or precious stones. It is worth to me more than all the honors of the world to know that my brethren have the testimony of this gospel in their hearts, and that they know the truth, as they have said it here. There may be those who know it much better than I do, if only they have larger conception and comprehension of the truth, and greater capacity to receive and comprehend it. They may go much farther than I can, perhaps, in this world; but I hope to live long enough in eternity to catch up with them, if I can.

May the Lord bless this people; and in the name of the Lord, and by virtue of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, which holds the keys of all the spiritual blessings of the Church, I bless the Latter-day Saints and our friends gathered here, and also the Latter-day Saints and the people of God everywhere, throughout the intermountain states, and throughout all the world. God bless his people—make them rich in the knowledge of the truth, in humility, in meekness, and willingness to obey the word of the Lord and keep his commandments, and help them to keep pure and un-

spotted from the world, and at his own pleasure and time may those afar off be permitted to gather to the house of the Lord where they may enter and administer not only for their own temporal and eternal union and exaltation, but where they may enter and administer for the salvation and exaltation of their kindred who have died without the knowledge of the gospel. This is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Spring's Awakening

When spring her banners spreads on high,
And shakes them glad athwart the sky,
In mellow tints of deepest blue
And gilded clouds of every hue,
The heart leaps up, the eye grows bright,
And breaths are drawn with pure delight;
The pulse-beat felt in earth and air
Proclaims the stirring spirit there.

When spring-time whispers greet the ear,
And breezes come from far and near,
With perfumes rare of woodland store,
And lyrics, whispered o'er and o'er,
The soul drinks deep through every sense
Prepared for man by Providence
To sip the sweets from finite things
Which His all wise perfection brings.

When spring-time blossoms nod and sway,
And robins chirp the hours away,
And willow tints are deep and bright
As clouds of down in morning's light,—
Then love is rife; 'tis mating time,
All creatures feel the touch sublime;
And even from the teeming sod
Breaks forth a song of praise to God.

HARRISON R. MERRILL.

From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW

XVI

In our last number the returning pioneers were having trouble with the Indians who stole their horses. The journal continues:

The Indians pretended that they had traded for them. Thinking that we might yet get them by peaceable means, without resorting to force, it was thought advisable to go to Fort John and employ Mr. Bordeaux or some of his traders who had influence with the Sioux to go with our men and carry presents and try and get them. When we arrived at Fort John, the site of the old Fort Laramie, on September 24th, 1847, we learned that a part of our animals taken on the Sweetwater had been brought directly there by some Sioux and that Colonel J. C. Little and Dr. Johnson recognized two of the animals, and secured them, and from the report of the Indians they had reasons to think we had been very badly crippled and perhaps unable to continue our journey, and they had obtained as many horses and mules as they could from the company of ox teams that was in advance of us and had started on the 20th with two other brethren to meet us and render us assistance, but they had unfortunately taken the river road and missed us and fell upon our trail a short distance beyond Big Timber Creek where they were surrounded by the same band of Sioux who had taken our horses. The Indians evidently intended to rob and perhaps murder them, but being well armed, by a bold and resolute course, they kept the Indians at bay until, fortunately for them, Commodore Stockton, with a body of forty men from California bound for the states, arrived in time to save them. From him they learned that our company was in advance of them and they had missed us. They accordingly returned with him to Laramie where they arrived on the 26th, in time to join us in our journey homeward.

Colonel Little accepted the invitation to journey with me and lodge in my wagon until we arrived in Winter Quarters. By-the-way, I would remark that Brother Little, Lieutenant Willis and a few others with pack animals, left the valley the same day that we did, and he overtook the ox teams at Independence Rock and journeyed with them to Laramie. While on the way his animals and about fifteen others belonging to the ox companies were stolen by the Sioux and they tarried a few days at Fort John and succeeded in getting the most of their animals back again, or others in the place of them. During their stay for this purpose, an Indian arrived with a portion of our horses taken on the Sweetwater which he stated he had taken from the Snakes. We also tarried a few days at Fort John in the hopes of obtaining the influence of Mr. Bordeaux and his men in obtaining our lost animals. Bordeaux at first promised to send an interpreter with our messengers and to use his influence in our favor, but the next day when we had made up a company well armed and mounted for the expedition, Mr. Bordeaux refused to send an interpreter, or rather stated that his men refused to go. He also spoke very discouragingly of the expedition and said the Indians would secret our horses and our efforts would be unavailing. Whether he was sincere in his counsel and advice or whether he was afraid of injuring his influence and trade with the Sioux, or whether he was leagued with them in their robberies, is more than I can determine. At any rate there was a rumor afloat that one of his men was missing at the fort next morning after our arrival and by some it was conjectured that he had gone to inform the Sioux of our intentions to make a demand for our horses. And so our expedition was abandoned and with it the hope of obtaining our horses. We returned to our camp, and when Col. Little and Dr. Johnson arrived we resumed our journey down the Platte.

We left our encampment opposite Fort John on the evening of the 26th and came down a few miles to find better feed. On Monday morning, the 27th of September, we renewed our journey. About eighty miles down the river we found Mr. Racheau, a French trader, with a band of Sioux that were hunting. Here we tarried one day and rested our teams and traded some with the Indians, and some with the trader. With him we traded some of our poor horses for better ones, etc. This band of Sioux mani-

fested a more friendly disposition. To show their good feeling, a part of them went out, at the suggestion of Mr. Racheau, and killed several buffalo for us.

Sunday morning, October 2, while the camp was starting, a high-spirited Spanish mare which I had purchased of Mr. Racheau unhorsed her rider and at the top of her speed, which was like the flight of a hare, pursued an Indian hunting party that was at that time crossing the bottoms some miles distant towards the bluffs, and although I pursued upon my windiest horse I had a ride of about fifteen miles before I could catch her again. This unlucky circumstance threw me into the midst of what was to me quite a romantic scene—a regular Indian buffalo hunt. When the party arrived in the vicinity of some scattering herds they separated into parties of two and three and took their stations upon tops of buttes or eminences in the prairie in all directions for several miles, so that they could see the direction the herd was taking in the flight. Then two Indians started the herd and pursued in the rear while others were intercepting their retreat and, selecting the fattest cows, let fly their arrows (for they use no firearms in this chase) which seldom failed to do execution; and if the first was not sufficient, the second and third arrow quickly followed, and once wounded became the sole target for the Indian's arrows until the victim fell. Turn which way they would the herd was sure to be attacked by a fresh party of horsemen who in turn would strew the ground with the slain. When the herd had thus run the gauntlet for some four or five miles and the chase was abandoned, the Indians could be seen in all directions dressing their game. I passed one who had been unhorsed and broken his arm in the chase and his squaw was splintering it up. An old Indian presented me with a couple of tongues which with them is the choicest part of the buffalo, and I returned to camp gratified by the scene I had witnessed and scarcely regretted the chase I had for my mare.

Our teams now began to fail daily and we were obliged to travel slow. The feed was scarce and of a kind that the buffalo had refused, and after a few days travel we found a letter upon a post left for us by the company that was in advance of us from which we learned that they were six days ahead of us. Being anxious that they should stop and assist us with their oxen, a party of

twelve footmen were dispatched to overtake them (for we could not spare horses). On the evening of the 16th we came up with the footmen who had given up the chase as a hard one, and were waiting for us eight miles above the head of Grand Island. This being the lower extremity of the buffalo range, we tarried until the 20th to secure meat to last us home. While here we were met to our great joy by sixteen men with horses who had come 250 miles from Winter Quarters to meet us. After leaving the head of Grand Island we found either rushes or cottonwood to recruit, and with the aid of the fresh horses from Winter Quarters we began to move with more ease. We followed down the Grand Island as far as Wood river and there left our spring trail and took the trail of the summer companies along the sand ridges between the Platte and the Loop Fork.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Love Story

A touching incident in the *Titanic* catastrophe was the death of Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Straus. It is related by Colonel Gracie, who was on the fated ship, and who gave one of the best descriptions of the disaster that was printed, that he heard them discussing between themselves the matter of separation, and they finally agreed that if they must die they would die together. When the officers urged Mrs. Straus to enter the lifeboat she refused to leave her husband. "We have lived together all these years," she said, "and I will not leave you now." No persuasion of the officers could move her determination. Mr. Stengel, another survivor, says that the officers then tried to make an exception in the case of Mr. Straus. "We told him," says Mr. Stengel, "that no one objected to an old gentleman like him going in the boat, but he said he would not leave until the other men did." So Mr. and Mrs. Straus went down together. Their action has been the subject for hundreds of poems, and will go down as a love story of the ages. A sad denouement, however, is the fact that Mr. Straus' body was recovered and taken to New York for burial while that, of his faithful wife remained in the deep sea—though their bodies were separated, their spirits went hand in hand to the better land. The *Independent*, New York, prints these lines under the title, "Together," by S. S. Cohen:

I cannot leave thee, husband; in thine arm
Enfolded, I am safe from all alarm.
If God hath willed that we should pass, this night,
Through the dark waters to Eternal Light,
Oh, let us thank Him with our latest breath
For welded life and undivided death.

The Pilgrim Fathers and the "Mormon" Pioneers

BY PRESTON NIBLEY

The story of the Pilgrim Fathers, their struggle for religious independence, their sacrifices as pioneers and founders of a great republic, and their obedience to the Divine Providence that led their steps and shaped their destiny, has a peculiar charm and fascination to the people of Utah, because it was repeated in the wonderful history of the foundation of this State.—*Deseret News*, Dec. 22, 1911.

There is truly a striking similarity in the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers to the Atlantic coast, in December, 1620, and the march of the first body of "Mormon" Pioneers to the shores of Great Salt Lake, in 1847. Both groups of people were in quest of a place where they could be free and independent, and worship God as their consciences dictated. For this inestimable privilege they were willing to forsake all that in a worldly way was near and dear to them, face the hardships and perils of a long journey, and endure the suffering which was sure to be theirs in the settlement of a new and strange country.

The little group of Pilgrims that set sail from England in September, 1620, numbered exactly one hundred, as against one hundred forty-three "Mormon" Pioneers. In no way were they as well prepared for their journey as Brigham Young and his pioneer band. The ship *Mayflower* was a small craft of one hundred eighty tons, and her strength was slight. "In a fierce storm in mid-ocean a main beam amid-ships was wrenched and cracked, and but for a huge iron screw which one of the passengers had brought from Delft, they might all have gone to the bottom." Huddled together as they were, sickness broke out among them; one of their number died and was buried in the sea. On the other hand, the "Mormon" pioneer band rejoiced and gave thanks to God, their first Sabbath in Salt Lake Valley, "that not one human life had been lost during their long journey from the Missouri."

The Pilgrim Fathers landed on the shores of New England in

the most inclement season of the year, "bleak December." Everywhere snow covered the hills. The weather was bitter cold. As they voyaged the inner shore of Cape Cod, seeking a suitable landing place, "the spray froze to their coats," and to double their hardships "at every suitable spot they were forced to beat off the natives." Five deaths occurred in all before they anchored in Plymouth harbor. Before the first rude hut was erected, death came upon them almost daily. At one time only Brewster, Standish and five other hardy ones were able to take care of the sick and dying. When spring came, in 1621, there were only forty-nine survivors of the original group of one hundred. Fate had dealt most harshly with the Pilgrims. But the right metal was in the few survivors. They had come to America to win. "It is not with us," said the valiant Brewster, "as with men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again."

Brigham Young and his pioneers were made of the same mettle as the Pilgrim Fathers. There was no such thing as defeat for them. In the Rocky Mountains they were determined to find protection and safety for the Saints of God. The Salt Lake Valley, all things considered, seemed to be the most likely place. It is an old and well known story that in this intention they were discouraged by the trapper, Jim Bridger, who met them on the Big Sandy river, and offered a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised in Salt Lake Valley. Jim Bridger had known the country for nearly twenty-five years, but it is reported that Brigham Young replied to him, "Wait a little and we will show you." Again, note the following: "Bridger considered it imprudent to bring a large population into the Great Basin until it was ascertained that grain could be raised." But looking over the Valley as he came through the mouth of Emigration Canyon, Brigham Young remarked to those near him. "This is the right place." It was a dreary sight. There were no trees. The sun beat down on a bare sagebrush plain. Here was a little group of people a thousand miles from the border-land of civilization. But they knew, as the Pilgrims knew, that by the help of God they could succeed.

Money played no part with the coming of the Pilgrims: neither did it with the western march of the Pioneers. The Pilgrims scarcely knew how, on the shores of America, they would

repay the obligations of their voyage. Stories were rife in the Old Country how America was dotted with gold; stories of great, rich cities in the interior. But the poor Pilgrims found it far otherwise. An occasional bundle of furs which they had laboriously gotten themselves, or traded away from the Indians, together with different kinds of "choice wood for wainscoting," cut in adjacent forests, was about all they could turn into English money. The "Mormon" Pioneers, in the Great Basin, which was known from the first to be a region rich in minerals, devoted themselves to agriculture as the one sure means of establishing a permanent community. And for many years those who went gold-hunting were discouraged by the leaders of the Church.

It is curious to note that social experiments of much the same nature were carried on by both the Pilgrims and the Pioneers. The first seven years of the life of the Pilgrims in America had something akin to the United Order. When they left England it was stipulated that for the above length of time there should be no private ownership of land among them, the proceeds of their labors to go into a common fund to repay the debt they had incurred by their voyage. The first summer all seemed to go well with them. Twenty-six acres were cleared and planted, and in the fall the harvest was so bounteous that Governor Bradford ordered a Thanksgiving day. But in succeeding years the pious, and now hallowed, Pilgrims found themselves unable to live in brotherly accord. The younger men grew restive when they saw the fruits of their strength and activity being used for the support of other men's families, while the able men thought it an injustice that they should have no more food and clothing than those who could not produce one quarter as much as they did. The aged and graver men considered it an indignity to be ranked with the younger and meaner sort; "and for men's wives," said Bradford, "to be commanded to do service for other men, as dressing their meat, washing their clothes, etc., they deemed it a kind of slavery, neither could many husbands well brook it." Later on, the trouble was rectified, and the land divided among the various families. "Now the women went willingly into the fields, and took their little ones with them to help set the corn, whom to have compelled would have been thought great tyranny."

Of the success of the religions advocated by these two groups

of people very little may be said at the present time. "Mormonism" is still in its infancy, while Puritanism has long since lived out its life, and entirely passed away. But, unlike the "Mormon" Pioneers, who came to the valleys of the mountains "to build up the Church and Kingdom of God which had been committed into their hands, with a firmly established organization and perfect plan, the Pilgrim Fathers fled to America to escape the tyranny of the mother country and establish, if they could, a Bible Commonwealth. With the Latter-day Saints it was but the transplanting of their organization from Nauvoo to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The Pilgrims crossed the Atlantic Ocean to raise up in the American wilderness "a particular church," the exact object of which has had many interpretations and meanings. The noble Winthrop expressed it thus, "It will be a service to the Church of great consequence to carry the gospell into those parts of the world, to helpe on the comminge of the fullnesse of the Gentiles, & raise a Bulworke against the kingdom of AnteChrist which the Jesuites labor to reare up in those parts." Here are two reasons given by one of the prime movers of the enterprise. Again he says, "What can be better worke, & more honorable & worthy a Christian than to helpe raise and support a particular Church while it is in the infancy, and to joyne his forces with such a company of faithfull people, as by timely assistance may growe strong & prosper, and for want of it may be put to great hazard if not wholly ruined." He thus acknowledges that an attempt was being made to establish a "particular church" in America, which, if not nurtured and recruited, might wholly fail. History now shows that the Pilgrim church never assumed any great proportions. The ministers were stern and rigorous, and attempted to bend their congregations to their will. The result was numerous dissensions, and many persons were exiled from the colonies.

Of particular interest to the Latter-day Saints is the case of Roger Williams, whom the Pilgrims cast out on account of his peculiar religious views. Williams was a young pastor from England when he allied himself with the "Bible Commonwealth," and was considered by Winthrop to be an asset of considerable importance, until he began to disturb the mind of the Governor by strange views and opinions, which it was thought were harm-

ful to the welfare of the colony. Williams wanted an absolute separation of church and state. He wanted it to be optional with a man whether he attended church or stayed at home. The General Court at Boston ordered Williams to board a ship for England. Instead, he left Salem and went south into the Narragansett country where he founded the town of Providence. Here for a time he set up a branch of the Baptist church, but later abandoned it and gave this as his reason: "There is no regularly constituted church on earth, nor any person authorized to administer any church ordinance; nor can there be until new Apostles are sent by the great Head of the church for whose coming I am seeking."

The exodus of the Pilgrims from England, and their efforts to found a colony in America, as historian John Fiske says, "Is interesting not so much for what it achieved as for what is suggested. Of itself the Plymouth colony could hardly have become a wealthy and powerful state. Its growth was extremely slow. After ten years its numbers were about three hundred. In 1643, when the exodus had come to an end, and the New England Confederacy was formed, the population of Plymouth was but three thousand. It is when we view the founding of Plymouth in relation to what came afterward, that it assumes the importance which belongs to the beginning of a new era."

Part of what came afterward was in fulfilment of the dream of Roger Williams: the establishment of a "regularly constituted church," over which prophets and apostles were appointed to preside, with full authority to administer all the church ordinances. And in the history of this Church, the Pioneers of Salt Lake Valley hold a place of first importance.





FAMOUS OLD BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

Where marriage business was and is still carried on. The present priest stands at the gateway.

Gretna Green

BY P. H. SERVICE

"Good afternoon."

"G'ed afternoon."

"This is the first time we have enjoyed the sunshine for almost three weeks."

"Aye, yer richt, an' we ken how tae appreciate it when it des come."

The old gentleman thus approached sat dejectedly on an old bench just outside the "old blacksmith's shop," his hat in his hand. The rays of the sun seemed to bring back fond memories of the past, as he sat drowsily in the open air, smoking his old clay pipe.

We sat together on the bench, our backs to the "shop," and our eyes intent upon the children playing innocently in the dust. My new companion took his pipe out of his mouth, cuddled it in his huge fist, and shook his head, as if carrying on a conversation with himself; at last he said, in a somewhat pathetic tone, with what I call a sympathetic smile on his care-worn face, "Things now-a-days are not what they used to be; why," he said, "I haven't married a couple since a fortnight last Friday."

"How do you like to be a priest?" I asked, as he was thus drowsily basking in the effervescence of the hot sun rays.

"Oh, graun'," he replied; "I'm used to it, noo, but I was gey nervous when I first started; it did put the shakers on me, but I soon got used wi't."

"Do you make enough to support yourself for your services rendered?" I asked next.

"We'l," he said, hesitatingly, "it a' depends, ye ken, jist on what the circumstances o' the folks are; the last yen ge'd me a half sovereign, just the ither week there."

"You will do very well, then, if you have plenty of custom," I remarked.

"Thot's it, thot's jist it; I'm ay tae be watching for the intended benedicts," he said, with a smile, "for one never kens when a priest'll be wanted, and as I'm noo the only yen abo't, there's mony a yen would jist like fine to get the job o' mairryin', if they could only get the chance."

This conversation took place some time ago, in that romantic old village of Gretna Green, on the borders of England and Scotland. Considering the remarkable history of the place, no wonder the visitors to this beautiful and romantic spot increase in number, year after year. Strangers seeking information regarding the run-away marriages that took place in the early days, and that are still going on, are made welcome at the little "Curiosity Shop," in the old smithy building, which goes under the name of "Headlesscross."

Access to Gretna Green is made very easy from all parts of the United Kingdom by means of three railways, besides the drives that are to be had from the neighboring districts; they are indeed picturesque and delightful, and shall I say entrancing? just to look over the routes taken by the run-aways to Gretna from days of yore, even up to the present time.

I learned from my newly-made friend, the "priest," while sitting on the rustic bench, that the scene before me, opposite the "aul' kirk," is Gretna Green,—*i. e.*, the "Green" of Gretna. In olden days this spot, now occupied by houses, shops and gardens, was an open field or green belonging to the small village of Gretna. The villagers say that the order of things remains, in

some respects, the same as it did some hundreds of years ago.

Before the year 1754, when an act was passed relating to English marriages, which was the source of cutting off clandestine marriages within the bounds of the Southern Kingdom, I say, prior to this early date, clandestine marriages went on in London at a great rate. Without going into detail on this point, suffice it to say that with the stringent formula of the law, the chance of the ardent wooers to hoodwink their parents by hasty marriages, if the latter had any exceptions whatever to the match, were very slim indeed, but "where there's a will there's a way," or "love will find a way," would perhaps be better in this case, and that "way" was Scotland. In this country the laws in this regard were indeed very simple. My friend informs me that any two persons of opposite sex, declaring themselves to be man and wife in the presence of witnesses, were, to all intents and purposes, legally married. Of course, it must not be understood that this off-hand way was the general fashion of marrying in Scotland. Not so. "The kirk exercised her moral jurisdiction, and made it imperative that those of her flock who would retain her favor and privileges should go through the form of proclamation of banns." And I am also informed that the Scotch lassie is and always has been a stickler for the "real thing," and as fond of making a "peacock show" in the orthodox fashion as any other of her sex; but *when* the fates were against her and stumbling blocks were placed in her way, it was a very easy matter to snap her fingers at "fate" and slyly make their way to the little village situated on the border line, barely nine miles from Carlisle, what more beautiful place in all of bonnie Scotland could be found for the wayward lovers?

Joseph Paisley, first "priest" of the Gretna marriage business, met with his "coonsel" and arranged the marriage certificate as follows:

Kingdom of Scotland.

County of Dumfries.

Parish of Gretna.

This is to certify to all whom they may concern, That....., in the County of....., and....., from the Parish of..... from the County of....., being now both here present, and having

declared to me that they are Single Persons, have now been Married after the manner of the Laws of Scotland.

As witness our hands at Gretna Green this..... day of.....

Witnesses {

Paisley, they say, did not make the ceremony one of lengthy duration.

"What's yer name?" "Whaur dae ye come frae?" "Are ye a single man?" "Are ye a single woman?"

After being answered in the affirmative, then the questions of great importance:

"Dae ye take this woman tae be yer lawfu' wedded wife?"

"Dae ye take this man tae be yer lawfu' wedded husband?"

Why certainly—"then join hands." (A ring was optional.)

"Then ye've declared yersel's tae be husband and wife in presence o' these witnesses, and ye're now lawful' spouses according to the laws of Scotland."

The matter of fee being according to the situation or apparent circumstances of the parties united, or "whatever yer honor pleases, jist," and I am told that "his honor" usually pleased to hand over golden guineas—ten, twenty, fifty, and even a hundred found their way into the capacious paw of the old "high priest."

It is interesting to note a few names heading the list of the "red-hot" marriages of early date. The romantic marriage of John Edger and Jean Scott, in 1771; Lord Westmorland and Miss Child; Thomas, Lord Erskine, of Berkeley Street, London, and Sarah Buck, of York Building, London, and many others of such distinction.

Since the railway era, there has been a great change in affairs at this historic place, and not only the well-to-do are able to reach here with ease, but also the poorer class, and also the young people who, just previous to the year 1856, went to Gretna for a "lark," some of them being under the influence of liquor and not knowing how far their "lark" had carried them, until waking up next morning with a severe headache and also with a marriage certificate in his possession, informing him that he was now a

married man! This marriage being just as binding as any marriage that ever had been or is being performed, he, of course, had to recognize authority. But since that date, 1856, one of the intending parties has to live in Scotland for twenty-one days and, of course, that stops all further "just for a lark" marriages.

The effect of such an act was disastrous to the business of marriages at Gretna Green, but still the "red-hot" marriages are not such a rarity now-a-days as one might suppose. Every once in a while a pair of lovers arrives in quest of the "priest," and once more the old ceremonial is revived.

Needless to say, the air is not the same as it was a few hundred years ago, and in the altered state, who will say it is not for the best? Still, while traveling along the old Carlisle Road, looking over the romances of the past, a feeling unmingled with regret arises within us and we are made to repeat the words of the poet:

"How far, how far to Gretna?
'Tis years and years away;
And chaise and four will nevermore
Fling dust across the day.
But as I ride the Carlisle Road,
Where life and love have been,
I hear again the beating hoofs
Go through to Gretna Green."



A CHAISE AND FOUR

CARLISLE, ENGLAND

Sing Only What we Believe

BY HEBER J. GRANT, OF THE QUORUM OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

I recently attended the funeral of a faithful sister, the wife of an Apostle, and the stake president of the Relief Societies. A solo was beautifully rendered entitled, "Just as I am," sung, I understood, by special request. The melody is beautiful, one of the finest, to my untrained ear, I have ever heard.

On March 29th and 30th the second annual musical contest of Davis Stake was held at Kaysville and Bountiful. One of the solo contest pieces was, "Just as I am." I did not have the pleasure of attending the contest, but Sunday evening at my request, the East Bountiful choir, the successful choir contestants, rendered the contest piece, "In Our Redeemer's Name." I was pleased and inspired with their singing. That which pleased me most was the perfect enunciation given to the words of the song. To my mind the musician who pays little or no attention to the words of a song destroys half the value and charm of his or her singing.

The object of writing this article for the ERA is to show the absurdity of Latter-day Saints singing such a piece as "Just as I am." I quote it in full:

JUST AS I AM

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

"Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

"Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

"CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT."

It would be next to impossible to find more false teachings in so short a space than are contained in the above hymn. We who know the gospel to be true know that it is a falsehood that sinners will be received and pardoned and forgiven who have not taken the time to rid themselves of "one vile blot." Salvation will come only to those who repent and have their sins washed away by baptism, and who thereafter show by a godly life that their repentance is genuine. Nothing is truer than the teachings of James that "faith without works is dead." "It is like the body without the spirit." We all know that after the spirit has left the body, the latter soon becomes obnoxious and has to be buried. For falsehoods, pure and simple, I believe that the poem, "Just as I am," deserves a premium. While in the European Mission, I gave three years of as faithful labor as it was possible for me to give, endeavoring to eradicate from the minds of the people just such false teachings as are contained in this song.

The Lord said in a revelation contained in Section 25 of the Doctrine and Covenants: "My soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads." Can a song, the teachings of which are false, be a prayer of the heart uttered to the Lord? Would a prayer which was false be one of those to which the Lord had reference when he said, "My soul delighteth in the song of the heart"? Most decidedly the Lord could not have had reference to such a prayer when he said: "The song of the righteous shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads." Every reader of the ERA knows how absurd it would be to answer, "yes" to the above question. The fact that we cannot answer yes tells plainly that we should not sing songs where false doctrine is taught.

A number of years ago I wrote an article for the ERA—one of the first that I ever wrote—where I gave a practical illustration of a very remarkable fulfilment of the promise which the Lord makes in the revelation from which I have quoted. I have pleasure in quoting it:

Elders J. Golden Kimball and Charles A. Welch, neither of whom claim to sing well, while on a mission in the Southern States, were about to baptize some converts; a mob had assembled, and the brethren were given to understand that if they carried out their intentions of baptizing that the mob would throw them into the river. The brethren determined to go ahead no matter what the result might be. Before doing so, however, they sang a song. The song seemed to have such an effect upon the mob that they were almost transfixed. The brethren proceeded with their baptisms, and then went some distance to attend to confirming the baptized. A message came from the mob asking them to come and sing that song again, and the request was complied with. The leader of the mob, Joseph Harvis, afterwards joined the Church, and he stated to Elder Kimball that the sentiments of the hymn, and the inspiration attending the singing, converted him to the gospel. Brother Kimball's recollection is that the hymn was "Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses."

The more beautiful the music by which false doctrine is sung, the more dangerous it becomes. I appeal to all Latter-day Saints, and especially to our choirs, never to sing the words of a song, no matter how beautiful and inspiring the music may be, where the teachings are not in perfect accord with the truths of the gospel.

Singing is a very splendid part of the worship of the Latter-day Saints, and all are proud of the record which Utah's two great musical organizations, the Salt Lake and the Ogden Tabernacle choirs, have made at home and abroad. There are also hundreds of other excellent choirs, from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south, whose singing to the ordinary lay member, like myself, is an inspiration. I have listened in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Christiania, Zurich, and Rotterdam to our "Mormon" choirs whose singing has been the equal in its inspiring and uplifting character to any that I have heard in the stakes of Zion.

The lesson which I desire to teach in this article is that no individual singer, or organization of singers, in the Church, should ever render a selection unless the words are in full har-

mony with the truths of the gospel, and can be given from the heart of the singer. In other words, our songs should be in very deed "prayers unto the Lord." If we are careful to sing only such songs, then we are sure of the blessings which are promised by the Lord, because his promises are "true and faithful and will all be fulfilled."

In conclusion, I say God bless our individual singers, and the members of our musical organizations. I know of no more self-sacrificing and loyal people than those who constitute our choirs, and who are constantly singing at funerals and in our meetings for the benefit of the Saints. Their talents are given freely, and almost without exception without financial reward. I for one appreciate, beyond my ability to tell, the self-sacrificing and loyal devotion of our singers. I wish them God-speed, and there is no blessing too good for these faithful workers. From the bottom of my heart, I pray that the choicest blessings of the Lord may ever attend them, and that they may constantly grow and improve in their art, and that they may also advance in a knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ.



HOPÍ INDIAN BUILDING, GRAND
CANYON, ARIZONA.

Thoughts of a Farmer

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

X—On Pulling Weeds.

In Alberta, the government appoints weed inspectors, whose duty and business it is to visit all fields and require the removal by the owners, of every noxious weed. A failure to comply may result in a fine, or the inspector may hire men and teams to plow the weed-infected fields. In Canada, whole districts of country have been ruined by noxious weeds, and sometimes farms had to be abandoned, because of the failure to remove them. A farmer may therefore organize himself, his boys and hired men, into a sort of weed brigade.

Pulling weeds is a very simple process, whose success is measured to a great extent by patience. To pull weeds successfully, the entire root should be pulled from the ground. Young boys are seldom good weed-pullers. They give the weed a jerk, and as often as not break the root in two. To be successful, one should start the roots gradually, until one feels the entire root-system moving. Then the whole weed may be more rapidly removed and thrown to one side. I have occupied myself many days in the fields with my boys removing noxious weeds—such work has given me opportunities to teach them by comparison, and young people are quick to grasp the lessons thus taught by analogies. Such lessons are doubly helpful because they are pleasing and suggestive.

Now, what are the lessons that may be taught while pulling weeds? We try in a way to pull the weeds out of the lives of others as well as out of our own lives. We thus become reformers. Patience is absolutely requisite in pulling weeds from the fields. It is equally so in removing evils from our own life, as well as from the lives of others.

Did you ever see self-professed reformers go at others with hammer and tongs? They jerk and pull, scold and fret. They

clear the surface, but the roots are merely broken off, and in time, the evils appear on the surface.

We are all in some sense reformers, because we all feel the presence of evils of which we endeavor to rid ourselves. Weeding out evils, if successfully accomplished, must be patiently and thoroughly done. Hasty and impatient men are rarely good reformers, either of themselves or of others. Patience does not mean simply slowness or procrastination. Patience has in it the qualities of longsuffering and loving kindness. It is full of quietness and charity. It is willing to experiment, and is never dogmatically sure that its own methods are absolutely right. Patience leads men to examine themselves before they examine others. It is full of hope, and never loses courage.

Does a field ever become absolutely free from weeds? I never saw or heard of one. We contend with the so-called noxious weeds, weeds that take and control the field, and so destroy its productiveness. When we are successful in keeping down the worst weeds, the process by which they have been destroyed does much to rid the field of less noxious ones. Around great evils, numerous small ones cluster.

"I knew you would break the roots of that weed," I said to my boy. "How could you tell?" he queried. "Because," I responded, "you did not get hold of it right. You should hug it closely with your hand." One may angle for fish, but not for weeds. To remove an evil one must be close to it, and be sure he has a good hold of it before he begins to pull. It is, in a large measure, a life and death struggle.

There is another important comparison in weed-pulling. We never try to pull weeds from the field where the soil is hard and dry. The tops break off, and the work is of little value. As a rule it is useless to undertake the removal of evils from a man whose nature is hardened. He must first be made pliable—made to feel the warmth of love and sympathy of those who approach him. He may be softened by circumstances, and his better nature may be moistened by the dews of heaven. He may be cultivated and become like freeable soil, free and easy in the removal of evil growths. The same is true when one undertakes to reform one's self. The condition of the mind and body must be improved and cultivated before specific evils can be removed.

The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS
UNIVERSITY

Stage VII—Brocketts Studies How to be Promoted, and at the Same Time Opens an Information and a Bank Account.

That hint of Mr. Dargan's about the night school was like seed flung from the hand of the sower upon a bit of soil in the Nile Valley after the river's rich deposits. Brocketts turned the suggestion over and over in his mind; it grew, night and day, till it reached such proportions as to run over into action. That is why, a few evenings after his conversation with the book-seller, he found himself on his agitated way to Morley's.

A wide stairway opened on the street and ran straight up to the second floor. This Brocketts ascended gingerly. He pushed open a door that had on it the sign "Walk in," and found himself in front of a low desk with the most astonishingly alert countenance he had ever seen looking pleasantly up at him from behind it.

"I want to see the teacher," the boy said, with such self-possession as his astonishment could muster.

"That is I," said the person behind the desk. "Morley is my name. What can I do for you?"

By all the signs that Tom, the stable-boy, had taught him, this man should be a "Mormon" of the bloodiest sort. His hair was red, as also were his whiskers, which tapered to a point about three inches from his chin. But these were the only canibalistic tokens about Mr. Morley. Otherwise he was the most genial and affable person you could meet. Great, lustrous eyes shone out from his face, like first-magnitude stars in the night sky. Instantly Brocketts found himself liking the man, and at home in his presence.

"I heard there was a night school in the city," the boy said in answer to Mr. Morley's question, "and I thought I'd like to come and see whether I might enter and what the terms are."

"You're a stranger in our city, I judge," Mr. Morley said, ignoring the matter about tuition fees and entrance requirements.

"Yes, sir," Brocketts replied, wondering how the school-man knew.

"Where are you working?"

"At Mr. Bernstein's—in the grocery department."

"And you want to prepare yourself for something higher."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, this is the place where you can do that. I believe we have a good business college here—one of the best in the country."

"What subjects do you teach?" asked Brocketts.

"Of course," was the reply, "we give the regular business branches—book-keeping and penmanship, with instruction in all kinds of business transactions. But we give, in addition, courses in commercial law, grammar and rhetoric, and history and civil government. A business man should have more than the mere knowledge of his immediate affairs—all big business men have."

Mr. Morley arose, and the two stood together looking over the school. It was a very large room, almost square, filled with desks, high and low. At one end, the west, was a long counter curving half way round and up the north side with a heavy wire screen above it, as at banks. There were between eighty and one hundred young men at work.

"I'll show you around if you can spare the time," said Mr. Morley.

Brocketts had the time, and so the two moved about the room freely, the teacher explaining everything as they went.

"These young men are all working during the day," Mr. Morley said, "and, like yourself, are anxious to fit themselves for business. The ones at these desks in the body of the room are beginners; they are working on their sales-books and ledgers. Those behind the counters have advanced to the point where they carry on commercial transactions in various trades, just as they would if they were in actual business, only here they are under skilful guidance. Some are in the retail business, some in the wholesale, others are bankers. There are organizations among themselves, There are rival institutions and competitive industries, just as in the actual commercial world."

They walked behind the counter into the general warehouse.

"Here, you see," explained Mr. Morley, "are all sorts of objects representing actual goods—bags, barrels, bales, and boxes. Students are required to use these in their business transactions."

He picked up a double handful of bales.

"If a student enters the cotton market he must have a quantity of this; we do not permit any purchases without them. And so with soap, vinegar, sugar, and a hundred other things."

They passed into the bank.

"Here's our money—college currency. Every student, when he sets out in business for himself, has so much of this. Then he deals with his fellow students, trying by all legitimate means to increase his wealth. Sometimes the boys go bankrupt, but sometimes they develop an amazing capacity for business."

What with the hum of commerce, what with his own imaginings of what this might do for him, and what with the glory thrown over it all by this wonderful school-master's presence, Brocketts was beside himself with joy. And so, when Mr. Morley put to him the question as to when he would join, he said—

"Right now!"

But when it came to setting down his name on the big book on the desk near the door, he came to his senses.

"I—I guess I can't joint tonight, either, come to think about it, Mr. Morley. I haven't any money just now."

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" Mr. Morley said cheerfully. "You expect to have some before you die, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Brocketts answered, smiling.

"Well, then, pay me when you can."

"How much will it be?" the boy asked.

"Seventeen dollars a term. A term is three months. Then, of course, there is the price of the book-keeping books—six dollars."

"Do you have to get new books every term?" asked Brocketts.

"Oh, no; they last you till you get through them, which will be a short time or a long time according to your ability to work, and then you don't have to get any more."

If ever any one came within the circle of Mr. Morley's influence and was not won over to his way of thinking, the public

never heard of it. And so, the upshot of the conversation between these two was, that Brocketts was given a set of books, a desk, and put to work that very night.

That Brocketts made rapid progress in his studies goes without saying. He applied the doctrine of work as expounded by his friend, the book-seller, in a manner which would have astounded that worthy gentleman. Brocketts took his books home and worked on them morning, noon, and night, in addition to the time he spent at the school. In a phenomenally brief time, as school hours go, Brocketts applied for some college currency with which to begin business.

Ever since the world has had boys in it, whenever any one of those boys has manifested an inclination to get on, everybody has shown an interest in him and a willingness to help him to get on. It was so, at any rate, with Brocketts. Mr. Morley was quick to see his talents. Whenever he could drop an encouraging word without doing damage—for Mr. Morley was a wise teacher, who saw that the best help usually is self-help—he did so cheerfully. Before Brocketts was half way through his books, Mr. Morley had given him his own place at the door—a responsibility which the young man discharged with tact and intelligence. If a matter of business that came under his jurisdiction in this capacity were trivial, he transacted it himself without bothering his instructor, referring only the important points to him. Latterly he assisted in the instruction of less advanced pupils.

This is how it happened that, when the time came for Brocketts to pay his first instalment, Mr. Morley absolutely refused to accept a cent of it for tuition. And then it was that Brocketts opened an account with the bank.

Brocketts shone brightest, however, in bartering with his friends at the College. Most of the time he had either all the money or all the goods. Seven times in five weeks he brought business to a stand-still. Nor did he use any illegitimate commercial processes. Everything was on the square—crooked methods would not be allowed there. Nothing like this financial disaster had ever befallen the institution in its history.

Most boys' heads would be turned by this avalanche of success. But Brocketts' was not. There are some persons whom it horribly embarrasses if you call attention to their success. Brock-

etts was one of these. He hated to be singled out from his companions as a boy who has done something unusual. And so he regarded his school career as something that any one could attain with work. He was fast imbibing Mr. Dargan's notions about the magic results which work may produce, and this was only a demonstration of the idea.

Stage VIII—Wherein Brocketts Enters Society and Experiences a Sharp Turn in the Left Side.

It was Christmas Eve, and Brocketts was in the ward meeting house. You see, he had recovered bravely from his fear of the dark-skinned people. In fact, this very minute, he was sitting next to one, and one more, a young woman, was just in front of him on another bench. Dudley Brown, who had brought him here, was on the other side of him, pointing out the people he knew and explaining what his friend did not understand.

Tonight the old house was jammed to the point almost of suffocation—young people, old people, tall people, short people, big people, little people and people of all shades of complexion and of almost all the nationalities of the earth. Brocketts had never looked upon the like before, and his eyes came near to falling out of their sockets with staring. Everybody—that is, everybody who was grown, or nearly so—was mopping his face exactly as if there had not been ten inches of snow on the ground everywhere, and exactly as if the midsummer sun were burning up the shingles on the roof. For the windows were as tight as a clam shell when you wish to eat and have nothing handy but your fingers to open it with. Then to aggravate matters, two big-bellied stoves, staring tremendously at each other from opposite ends of the room, vied with each other in throwing heat into peoples' faces, and smiled in their spiteful way at all the frantic efforts of the crowd to keep cool.

Dudley leaned over to an elderly neighbor in front and whispered, or rather yelled, into his ear, "Would it not be a trifle more comfortable if one of the windows was lowered, just a little, you know!"

"What!" yelled back that astounded individual, "open the windows in the winter time?" Clearly, the thing was preposter-

ous! The windows were all fastened down for fear, it seemed, that some one should try to open them. "Why didn't you," the old gentleman added with infinite sarcasm, looking straight into Dudley's eyes—"why didn't you ask the committee to have the exercises held out in the open air?"

His logic was unanswerable, as could be easily seen from the faces of half a dozen persons who had heard the conversation. And so everybody panted away in the heavy atmosphere. Not all of them, however. The children—of whom there was a multitude as numberless, it appeared, as the sands on the seashore or the stars in a night sky—were bent on seeing whether their lungs were in good enough trim to receive dear Old Santa, whom all expected to come any minute through the front door, with his great fur coat, snow-covered, his jolly round face, and his bells. That their vocal organs *were* in the very best order there could be no doubt in the world. Here, they cried out for Saint Nicholas to make his appearance. There, they clapped their hands with prodigious enthusiasm whenever they espied something of dazzling desirability on the tree. And over yonder, they called out lustily, and with many wavings of the hands, for somebody or other, five benches away, to see this and that. Babies everywhere wailed in their mothers' arms as if the last day were come. Then, as if to increase the merry babel, the older people yelled good naturedly into one another's ears like Dudley and our friend who would have no fresh air. Meanwhile, the deacons shoveled coal into the beaming stoves without hindrance or let.

Then a member of the committee got up on the stand and made wild gesticulations for silence. Gradually one here and there, seeing this furious pantomime, lowered his voice to inquire what was up. And as the higher tones died away, the committeeman, forming a trumpet of his hands, announced that the reindeers had at last arrived from somewhere near the north pole, and that Santa Claus was just outside getting ready to come in. Some bells out there presently set up a jingling confirmation.

For an instant the babel ceased. Then, as Old Santa Claus made his jolly appearance, the former noise returned in a continuous shout, swelled now by a hundred throats, young and old, which before had seemed quiet. The kindly old gentleman from the Northland, in bewitching hypocrisy, marched down the aisle.

curtsying and smiling as he went and ringing his bells, the youngsters near the end of the benches meanwhile tugging away irreverently at his pack, the toys, and his coat.

There followed a jolly speech from Santa on the necessity of being good, which nobody paid the slightest heed to, out of sheer joy that at last the tree was to be stripped, the candy and the popcorn and the peanuts were to be distributed by Nicholas and the committee. Then the gay old fellow, in spite of his long journey from nobody knew where, mounted a stepladder, soberly surveyed the audience through the thickening air, and, finally, to the general satisfaction, began to pick off the presents one by one, reading the names on the tags and handing them to members of the committee. Occasionally Old Nicholas, if the present were a musical instrument, would make a funny noise on it as if one who had never seen it before—whereat the people roared tumultuously.

As there was an amazing quantity of these noise-producing implements distributed to the crowd, and as all of them came into instant requisition, it grew impossible after a time, for anyone three benches away from the tree to hear the names when they were cried out. And then Santa Claus and the Committee, with others, self-delegated, who were anxious to have everything done with, yelled out the names with frantic efforts to be heard. Gradually, therefore, all who had received no presents and expected some pushed their way to the front, crowding the rest to the back, till they could catch a faint sound resembling their names.

In this way Dudley and Brocketts found themselves almost under the tree, Dudley had received numerous presents.

"It's about your turn now, Brocketts," Dudley said.

"Nobody knows me here," Brocketts answered.

"I'll bet Santa don't forget you, though!"

And he didn't, for just then someone roared out his name. Too modest, though, to make himself known, Brocketts would have let the package be passed up as having no owner there, when Dudley echoed back the name and received the present for his friend.

"Open it, and let's see what it is," requested Dudley. He had opened all of his on the spot.

And Brocketts did. It contained a large blue and white handkerchief with pretty figures in the corners, and a silk tie.

Brocketts cast a swift glance at Dudley as the author of all this, but that person was inspecting a certain bright object on the tree. Tears welled up in Brocketts' eyes that anybody in this far away land should remember a poor lonely orphan boy. He had hard work to keep from breaking down there and then. Dudley saw this, and so turned away that he might not be known to have seen it.

Presently the tree was stripped bare as those leafless ones outside. Not even a shining ornament remained nor a lighted candle. Already, too, people had begun to go home, amid the shouts of childhood, the blare of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the strains of the mouth organ. And now there remained only those who wished to participate in the dance—the youth and maiden and their attendants.

Everybody was accordingly crowded to the front while a dozen brooms, borrowed from neighboring houses, swept nutshells, popcorn, and remnants of candy before them to the other end of the room. Then three or four young men whittled wax candles on the clean space. Meantime, the violin began to make its inevitable and impatient preparation.

"Partners for a plain quadrille!" shouted the floor manager.

And immediately half a hundred people crossed and recrossed the room, taking places finally in squares on the floor. The stoves were still there, but what did that matter? The official deacons had been prevailed upon at last to let the fires die out. Soon the violin with the organ accompaniment set everybody in lively motion in the various changes of "swing your partners," "all promenade," and "first four forward."

Then it was that Brocketts first discovered the pain in his left side.

You see it was this way. He was sitting on a bench on the north side of the room—a wall flower, Dudley said, because he did not care to dance. Not that he did not know how, mind you, for he had lived nearly a year in Omaha, where also were young men and women who liked to trip the light fantastic toe, he among the rest. But now he was a stranger in a strange place among a strange people. And this was his first entrance into society. Little wonder that he was not forward.

Raye Silliman had been sitting near him on the north side.

He did not know Raye Silliman from the man in the moon, but he had noticed how well dressed he was and, if envy had been one of Brocketts' weak points, would have envied him. A lithe, graceful figure, the Silliman boy was the best groomed person there, old or young, with a white carnation in his button hole.

Brocketts watched him cross the floor on more than one occasion for a partner on the south side of the house, bow gracefully to her—his white carnation went lower than anybody else's flowerless button hole,—and bring her, both chatting merrily, to their place on the floor.

Once in particular he observed this. Raye's carnation bowed low to a young girl with a divine face, seated there between two elderly women; she nodded a laughing response and took his arm; and the two came and stood close to where Brocketts sat. And once, just once, she shot a swift glance at *him* from her fine blue eyes, and he couldn't help but return it, for his eyes were resting on her with a steady beaming gaze. He jerked them away to inspect one of the bracketed lamps on the wall, but the light so hurt his eyes that he had to bring them back. Presently the violin struck up, and he could look at her as much as he pleased.

It was then that he knew something had happened.

Henceforth, for Brocketts, there was only one object in that room, a slight, girlish figure wafted about gracefully, clothed in a pretty blue print, her hair, dark and waving, falling abundantly to the waist. Everything else became an amiable blur to his eye, and the sounds went back into silence whence they came. The tones of the violin and the organ, the voice of the caller calling out the changes, the noise of the dancers dancing in tune—these all faded into the vision of delight that had transfixed the boy. Twice she surprised his look, whereat it fled like a guilty thing—only to come back again.

"Well, old boy, want to dance *now*?"

Dudley was by him with his familiar slap on the back.

"Say, Dud,"—this from the wary boy who sometimes went a long way about, but never forgot what he wanted—"who is that fat old gentleman dancing in this first set?"

"Oh, that's Brother What's-his-name—oh—I'll get it in a minute—Blinkerhof. Don't he seem young—He's past seventy-five."

"And who is that young lady that's dancing with him?"

"She's his grand-daughter—Sasie Blinkerhof—she's a peach, ain't she."

"That well-dressed chap with the flower in his button hole—who's he?"

"Raye Silliman—I told you once. He's the only son of a grocery-man. He ought to be working somewhere, but he's too dudish, you know, and he cries when his dad won't give him spending money."

"And the girl he's dancing with—you didn't tell me about her, did you?" Brocketts prided himself on his great cunning. A mind-reader himself could not have guessed this refined interest in the fat gentleman and the well-dressed youth, and he had put this last question in such a clever way, he imagined:

"Bessie Ward. She's his best girl—a pretty girl, don't you think!"

Think! He *knew*! He didn't have to *think*. Only, "pretty" was not half expressive enough. "She's—" but as Brocketts did not say this aloud I need not do so, either, out of consideration for him.

A thousand questions rushed to his lips, but it would not do to ask any of them. If he had only foreseen that Dudley was going to be more sparing with his comments about her than about the uninteresting fat gentleman who *would* dance, you know, why he would have run such a fire of interrogations concerning even that individual as to take Dudley off his feet!

But he asked questions as to two or three others so that his queries should not end in a climax. They did, however, for he asked—

"I wonder if those two girls would dance with me, if you introduce us?" He meant Miss Blinkerhof and Miss Ward.

"Sure! If they don't, then I'll never dance with either of them again."

But when he led Bessie on the floor in one of those blessed quadrilles, he was conscious that he had not done so with the grace and ease of that Silliman boy. And he wondered if she had noticed it. His talk, too, must seem tawdry after Raye's easy outflow! She had laughed gayly then, and now she looked serious. But the ice was broken, as the phrase is, and he could ask her again to dance—which he did.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Respectability

BY JOSEPH QUINNEY, JR.

"People who are waited upon by a serving class cannot have a just consideration of others, that they waste both time and substance, both of which are lost forever, and can only partially be made good by additional effort."

"The person who lives on the labors of others, not giving in return to the best of his ability, is really a consumer of human life, and therefore no better than a cannibal."

Every moment of time spent in contributing comfort to others, is a ministration to one's own soul. There is nothing that comes into the life of an individual that is more productive of soul-culture than an effort made in developing and helping others. The individual whose person and character reflect the nobility which results from a life of helpfulness to others, has made for himself a sure and enduring place in the respect of his fellows. For respectability is more a matter of doing than the mere thought of being, just as the beautiful is higher than the good, because the beautiful contains all the good. The doing of a good act is a beautiful thing when the motive is unselfish and high, and yet, we are sometimes deceived in the attitude of individuals who apparently contribute a kindness when the motive behind that act is wholly selfish. These individuals are purely selfservers, consumers of human life. They are the parasites who subsist upon the efforts of others. They put on an appearance of dignity in the presence of society, spending more time upon the cleanliness of their wearing apparel, than in purging from their souls wicked thoughts which eventually become spoken words, and criminal deeds. These individuals are measured by what they have on, and not what they have within. They consume not only your time, but they spend your money, attack your good name, they ruin your family, and disgrace your community, yet these individuals pass as a respectable type, and move about in social circles almost unchallenged.

*An Address to the faculty and students of the State Agricultural College, April 16, 1912.

No person can have in his heart corrupt and wicked thoughts, and stand the test. There comes inevitably into his life a time when this assumed respectability has lost its virtue, dignity and pride, and finally this individual sinks into oblivion among the ruins of the forgotten past. He no longer has any claim on what is considered decent and upright, because he has contributed nothing to the uplift of his associate; he has given nothing to society, but has wrought only misery and distress. So after all, the true respectability is the doing, the acting, and the saying of intensified, pure, and good thoughts.

There is a difference in the conception of respectability, but only in so far as the grade of humanity goes, the underlying principle of all true respectability is the same.

There was a time when priests and teachers of theology, by reason of their station, laid first claim in the minds of people to exalted respectability. Their wearing apparel indicated the supernatural in the eyes of the community; they could read and write, and by reason of this distinction they were different from other people. In fact, they were so different from, and so high above, that they were exempt from all criticism, and stood as it were, the great spiritual and temporal heads of the community in which they lived. There was a time in the history of these individuals when they were even responsible for torture, imprisonment and for death to those who dared say a word in their own defense and individual liberty. And yet these people wore the crown of respectability. Theirs, however, was a respectability that came to them through fear, awe and superstitious reverence, and not through the qualities of life which win the enduring love of humanity. Wider education and literary environment bring about a different conception of things. During the time that I have just cited, respectability rested largely upon position. The position was too often used for the enforcement of a selfish motive. The position, however, was well established and it required character to show that this kind of respectability was not conducive to the best interests of the people.

Savonarola, one of the purest souls of his time, set about to bring to his people a moral reform, a respectability, if you please, for the word of God that had long been lost. This man was a peasant, and in his young years was ugly and much disliked, even

by his own family, but he had a magnificent and a beautiful soul. His old grandfather would take him in the field among the flowers and trees, play the flute to him, and explain the high moral relationship that should exist among God's children. So susceptible was this young boy to the teachings of the old man, that he simply absorbed everything that his venerable old companion said. His soul developed along the natural lines of love and of beauty, as they came to him from the woods, green fields and flowers. This inspiration grew upon him, and it happened, naturally, that instead of the old man playing to the child, the boy was playing the flute, and explaining in a more intensified way, the beautiful and higher things to the old gentleman. It was a companionship of true respectability that united two souls in divine love. The Monks grew to like and respect this young boy, and the rapidity with which he advanced in their schools soon brought him to a place where he could command not only their respect, but the respect of all those with whom he met. He was permitted to take charge of classes, talk to other students, and in a general way advocate some of the ideas that had grown into his life while he lived with his old grandfather. He was now growing, he was absorbing all that came within the range of this experience. The mighty truths that the old man had taught him were, at this time, developing strong and fast; the practical use of a high idea was the development of this wonderful boy. Whenever it was learned that Savonarola was going to talk, all the country came out to hear him. His mighty power was being felt, not only within his own circles, but it extended far into the province that comprised the territory in which he lived. The mighty force which he exercised, together with the great moral lessons he had received in his younger life, the freedom he had breathed into his soul, all were being felt by those who came within his range. His great soul filled every other soul with love and honesty, and with a reverence for God that had not been experienced since the days of Christ himself. So effective was his philosophy and teaching, that the entire religious world was moved one notch higher in the scale of morality. So great was the respectability that came to him that those who were higher ecclesiastically became alarmed at the mighty influence he was exercising over the people. They took him and warned him, and rewarned him, to

retract some of his statements. It was discovered that the conception of respectability was being changed. Individuality was being exercised. Freedom was being breathed into the hearts of the people, and young Savonarola was cited to appear before the Vatican at Rome. He refused absolutely, and was therefore placed in irons, imprisoned, and died proclaiming God's word of liberty and freedom to the people. He died with a respectability attached to his immortal name which will live forever. The life and the influence of this young man shows the potency of a benevolent life in shaping the conceptions of men. There is a divinity in man's heart, which, when developed, carries with it a force, a conviction and power.

In this man's life, there was an irresistible power, an unalterable conviction that to him was right. It won for him a respect that should be everlasting and firm. The worth of the man was generally known and appreciated by the masses of the people, and they honored him for the stand he had taken. Those who felt the reverence and respect of the people slipping away from them, leaving the reverence based upon appearance and position, and transferring itself to him whose life was an inspiration, adopted means to destroy both him and his mission. They destroyed his body. He still lives. They are dead and forgotten.

The kind of respectability that lives is that which gives and establishes reputation and character, and character only comes to individuals who seek through honest effort the respect and confidence of their fellows.

The savage of the long ago was a respectable being, only in so far as he was able to kill wild animals. If he was brave and fearless, he was the hero of the race. His respectability was firmly established in the hearts of his people. The suggestion of the life of this brave man was accepted and acted upon by other young braves. They had ambition to surpass this respected hero, and as they advanced along this special line of action they gained in respectability and confidence. I mention this to show that the conceptions at different periods of our world are different in relation to this principle of respectability. The thing that would appeal to one as the ideal, and worthy of commendation, would not appeal to the other in just the same way.

Even now in our civilization we have not gone very far ahead

of the savage. This because of the selfishness which characterizes our efforts. Our motto today is, as it was long ago, "To the victor belong the spoils." We are yet savage in the nature of our endeavor to excel in reputation. Avariciousness and selfishness are the bases upon which many of us operate. There are many of us who live on the reputation of others, and unfortunately respectability comes to us through their efforts. We have a tone of kindness minus the kindness, a thoughtful look without the thought. This kind of respectability is not even as good or as high as the respectability which comes to the savage. His respectability is based upon individual effort, and is in a degree honorable. The other is dishonorable and degrading.

Our modern society is full of just such individuals. They appear to be what they are not, and there is decided absence of sincerity manifested in the disposition to shirk and evade responsibility. It is said, "The intent of life is to make an impression upon other people, and this and this alone is the controlling impulse in what is called good society." Insincere people are always known by their lack of responsibility. Consequently, the impression they make, or attempt to make, is simply artificial, and their imposition on society is finally detected. The impression made by a sincere and honest person is everlasting, no matter whether it is in good or bad society.

What is generally called society, is the interpretation placed upon actions of individuals who form themselves into groups, and participate in frivolous, and nonsensical living. These are individuals who are continually causing to appear on the surface what their hearts do not contain. The tendency in this modern society is to make an impression no matter at whose expense, or what it costs as long as they do not have to foot the bills. The woman, for instance, in this class of society, who can dress the best has no respect for the one whose means and circumstances in life will not permit of extravagance; her main ambition is to appear respectable through the guise of dress, and the activities of her mind are centralized on the one absorbing thing—"how can I make an impression without the cost of responsibility"—for very often she sacrifices her all, even her very soul to appear respectable in this so-called society.

To abstain from work is to her a respectable thing. This

sinful waste of energy spells misery and death. A respectability founded upon such a basis will fade slowly away and become forgotten, because it is in direct conflict with God's natural laws. I believe when we enter the social, the religious or the business world, there should be three things which should characterize our lives, three great moral truths, if you please. Honesty, Sincerity, Reverence, these three measure the usefulness of mankind. With the first a confidence is firmly established on a solid foundation. Our whole physical and moral success hinges upon this one principle. It should, and must enter into every phase of our life. Honesty is better than money, better than goods, better than the whole world. I do not wish to confine this principle to the mere abstinence from taking things that do not belong to us, but I wish to apply it more forcibly to the individual who appropriates other people's time and efforts to his own selfishness and greed. This kind of dishonesty consumes human life. The man who steals from his brother or sister his time or good name does him an irreparable injury.

By the principle of honesty, I mean that a man should be unselfish in his desire to contribute to the uplift of others, to take on so to speak, the other principle, sincerity, because sincerity bears a close and fast relationship to honesty. They are inseparably connected. To be sincere is to be respected. How beautiful it is to meet a sincere friend and shake his hand, because in so doing, you are entering into his soul. A sincere person has always in his heart the courage of his convictions, no matter whether it is in religion, in society, or in business, on the farm, or in the school room, and with these two principles, there comes a reverential feeling which is divine. These three, Honesty, Sincerity and Reverence, constitute a respectability which will stand all scrutiny and bring unto the world peace and love.

LOGAN, UTAH.

Little Problems of Married Life

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

XI—The Danger of Summer Separations

Long summer separations between husband and wife are unwise, temporary divorces that often leave a long trail of sorrow, grief and misunderstanding. They may not actually wreck home happiness, but they are an unnecessary risk, like "rocking a boat"—a foolish experiment that may overturn and swamp it. They say that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but it is not always fonder of the one left behind. Brief separations may be love's tonics, but long ones are often love's narcotics.

When one member of the home firm voluntarily takes a long solitaire vacation and the other stays at home in loneliness, Cupid, though blind, sees trouble ahead. With two who love each other the temporary separation may be the thin edge of the wedge of a permanent growing apart. These unnecessary solo vacations force each into a new environment in which the other has no part; they lessen the sweetness of mutual dependence; they break the continuity of loving conference and constant confidence; they make it easier for each to face life's problems alone instead of hand in hand with the other. They add in many ways to the complexity of home life, often creating a restless, vague sense of doubt. It is not always easy to piece again the broken threads into the old fabric of absolute unity, trust and dependence. Some note of discord creeps into the music of life for them both, and neither may be quite able to silence it.

If the two have already lost the glow of their first love, with the power to recuperate from a wound of misunderstanding growing less, and sweet new treaties of love and peace no longer follow grievances, and a voluntary summer spent apart from each other seems a kind of welcome relief to both, the long vacation may

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widen the distance between them beyond hope of bridging. It may be impossible to fan again into the glow of reborn life and light and warmth the dying embers of an old love when they were all to each other, when no thought of travel, change of scene or new society could bring any joy to compensate for the emptiness and loneliness of separation. Continuous absent treatment is a poor cure for wounded love.

The danger of these summer vacations apart is not when they are taken reluctantly and regretfully because of the pressure of compelling conditions; when business calls the husband away on some necessary trip; when the wife takes the little ones out for a visit to the old folks; when either is ill and is forced to go away and circumstances forbid both going; when a sickly child requires change of air, a breath of pine woods or the invigorating tonic of the sea. The very inevitability of vacation, accepted under protest, may not lessen for an instant the constant heart-hunger of each for the other; it may really intensify it.

But the regular exodus of the wife, because she has a restless desire to get away somewhere, because she has friends who insist on her accompanying them, or she fears the neighbors will think she cannot afford to go away, or her selfish desire for personal pleasure throws into the shadows all thought of the loneliness and other hardship it may entail on her husband—these are the forms of voluntary separation for weeks and months that are dangerous. Sometimes they even prove a short-cut from matrimony to alimony. Of the twenty-seven explanations by which she may finally secure his consent, twenty-five are merely weak excuses and the other two are shaky reasons that would not even have deceived herself for a moment in the first year or two of their married life.

These separations are always hardest for the one who is left. He, in the city, still attending to his monotonous round of daily business and duties, goes home at night to a lonely house, eats where he can, and walks through empty rooms until they grow unbearable in their grim isolation. If he really cares deeply for her, he pictures her walking on the beach in her dainty new dress with the parasol to match, sitting on the wide veranda of a summer hotel in the evening in the midst of a merry group, laughing and jesting at trifles, or, in imagination sees her rowing across the silvered waters of a moonlit lake with a gay party of friends.

There is a feeling of restless rebellion that now he forms no part of her living. In his honest heart he may try to make himself believe that he is glad she is having a good time and that he does not begrudge her a single hour of happiness, sunshine and new joy that may come to her, but down deep in his heart there is a note of insistent protest that she can *possibly* be happy away from him when the separation is of her choosing.

If she writes of the loneliness she cannot bear apart from him he involuntarily wonders why then does she stay away week after week with no word of return, why does she thus condemn herself to the misery of the continued absence, the awful days she pictures. He may have a pride of love that keeps back his pen from urging her return; he may feel that if her heart does not make her cut her visit short and come back to him, he does not care for his words to do so.

He may study her letters with undue criticism, reading new meanings into words and phrases. He does not like the references to "the young man from Boston who is stopping here a week and is such jolly company." No, he does not doubt her in the least; of course she does not mean anything by it, she is just thoughtless, he says to himself, but somehow he—does not like it. He would like to take a run down to the beach for a week or so, himself, but he cannot afford the time, or the money, and he gives up the idea.

His long evenings at home alone may soon become unbearable. He seeks distraction from this battle with time; he joins little parties of friends, goes to the theatre, takes up the threads of old acquaintance of his bachelor days and seeks to enjoy himself as best he can. In the beginning he may do it as one takes opium to dull a pain, but there is danger that he may learn to like the taste again. How far he may drift depends on the man.

And she, down near the ocean, may wonder vaguely why his letters, which ran seven pages long in the first two weeks of her absence, have dwindled down to brief notes like telegraphic messages, written in short, hurried sentences with no details—just one unexpanded fact in each sentence, like caramels in separate wrappers. In the old days she used to reread his letters until she knew them by heart; then the mere facts they contained were of minor import,—they were merely the excelsior in which the terms of endearment were packed. At that time she used to go over his let-

ters, picking out the adjectives and nouns of loving, like a child dislodging raisins and citron from a cake.

She may forget, too, that her letters to him are written in a large, sprawly hand, spreading little news thin over four small pages, making her brief communications little more than epistolary vacuums. The notes grow shorter as the absence grows longer. In blissful unconsciousness that she herself is erring in the slightest, she feels that he must be losing his love for her, and that now that she is away she might as well enjoy herself. If he really wanted her to come back at once, she feels sure he would say so. This sophistry is ever the logic of the selfish.

When she finally returns in the early autumn she finds that he is not so effusively glad to see her as she expected. She feels in a subtle way some shade of loss that may elude expression in words. He may not thrill with enthusiasm at her story of the "perfectly delightful times" she had; he may not be melted into his old lover-like mood when he hears again how lonely she was and how she just "tried to seem to be happy because of the others." He listens, and thinks, and of what he thinks he may say little. Then she grows suddenly and acutely desirous of knowing just how he spent the summer. He feels that her fusillade of questions and shots of intense interest are coming a little late in the day, and all would have been unnecessary and they would be nearer and dearer to each other were it not for her self-imposed exile on a solitary vacation.

Perhaps next day she looks over the summer gas-bills, and if they be small she grows reflective and wonders how they could possibly be so small if he really sat every night alone reading till midnight "so he would be tired enough to sleep." If the gas-bills loom larger than the amount her housewifely instinct tells her is just right, she feels confident he has been having card-parties up to unearthly hours and that he has been having a splendid vacation of his own. Innocent or guilty, on this or some other charge, he is lucky if he be not caught between the upper and the nether millstones of her withering doubt and criticism. She, too, may have to stand the brunt of his protests, and in the face of some unwarranted, jealousy, tortured out of perhaps innocent trifles, she may find it difficult to prove that convincing alibi that leaves no slightest residue of doubt. The result is often the distressingly unsatisfying Scotch verdict: "Not proven."

Vacations in the household are good, stimulating and revivifying for husband, wife and the little ones. If the spirit of love be true and constant, they will realize that if the increased expenditure of money can be spared for an outing, it should be arranged so that his vacation could be taken with theirs to lessen the term of separation; that some place nearer home could be chosen so that he could be with them at the close of each of his business days, or that, at the most, only the few days between week-ends would find them apart. Vacations have a true place and a real place in the economy of life, but it is making them a fetich if they be permitted to endanger the unity and truest harmony and mutual dependence of husband and wife.

There is a theory that occasional brief separations of husband and wife are actually necessary, that they break the monotony of life, give the two a fresh start and tend to restore their real appreciation of each other. When one has to fast for a few days to get a normal appetite for meals, there is something wrong with one's system. When recourse to absence is necessary to keep the two together; when short separations are desired and sought on this plea, and they welcome good-byes for even a few days with a glad sense of freedom and a long, deep breath of relief, there is something organically out of gear. It requires more direct, radical treatment than absence, which may temporarily ease a trouble it does not cure. They should hold a thoughtful inquest and discover the real causes of their mutual boredom, and make the change within the home together, not seeking it outside and apart. The danger is not in the mere fact of separation, but in the conditions that make either of them actually long for it.

Vacations with each other may be new miniature honeymoons bringing renewed love, life and light to both; but long vacations from each other are what the insurance companies term—"extra-hazardous risks."

[*"When the Children Come"* is the title of the next article in this series.]

Our Good Angel

BY IDA STEWART PEAY

He was our neighbor in that college city far from home, and I shall not forget the day I saw him coming slowly up the walk, nor how I met him at the door with a glad smile. It seemed like I knew at once that he came to lighten the burden of those dull days. His hair was snowy white, and the long years of 'pioneer hardship and suffering had traced their passing in deep lines upon his strong and kindly face.

Hastily I reached an easy chair, sinking heavily into it, his keen eye took in thoughtfully every detail of my poor little room, while he won the friendship of my child, and perched her upon my knee: then he observed me closely, and I felt that he was divining much, not in curiosity, but with a kindness of heart that harbors helpful intentions. So it proved, for during our short talk he discovered our greatest need, and that is how we came to ride with him frequently on his errands about town to postoffice and store.

How my little girl and I did revel in that cold, fresh air—ill health had kept us from walking out—as we jogged along under the grey sky making fanciful stories about the sheltering, snow-veiled peaks whose nearness lent such charm to this young country. But most of all we enjoyed hearing him talk to us in his low, slightly drawling voice. He knew all about this busy little city and valley, his own life was a part of its history. With what effort, energy, bravery and determination he had helped in the development of these once barren and silent "benches." And with what pride he now pointed to the life and industry about us, giving me facts and information concerning everything we could see, also many personal experiences connected therewith, all of which was interesting and instructive to me who loved him for his life's labor. He was one of those fearless, intrepid, untiring and purposeful pioneers who found the West and subdued its stubborn soil and savage wilderness for me and mine. When his hard work was done he had modestly, humbly retired from view seeking no praise

nor pension—though he had fought valiantly to win this great area for his country—only essaying, in life's afternoon, the difficult role of being an understanding, sympathetic, peaceful and helpful brother to all humanity.

He told us about his troubles and pleasures, making nothing of the former, thanking God for them, in that they had helped him to know and love his fellow-men. And his pleasures—pure, simple hero—the quiet relating of them made his eyes shine with the reflection of the joy he had known in meeting a hard life bravely, cheerfully, performing his full duty, and doing a few “turns,” as he lightly put it, for his loved, earthly brothers.

Thus, as he unconsciously unfolded his simple and beautiful character—he never once suspected its grandeur; and, as we partook of his “Good Samaritan” kindness, my first impression of him deepened into a conviction of his excellent worthiness.

One night when he came to see us, my husband tried to thank him for his many thoughtful services, but the dear, good angel (baby and I called him “our good angel,”) stopped him.

“It’s nothing,” he interrupted with a deprecatory gesture, “I am glad to be of some use, it isn’t much that an old fellow like me can do anyway.” Nevertheless, he seemed pleased that we insisted upon appreciating him. In leaving, he moved so wearily we enquired if he were ill.

“I am quite well, quite well,” he assured us, “but ninety years young today. “You see,” he continued smiling, “the spirit has worn out the body which flies slowly from the life within like the shell of the buried grain drops from the sprouting germ. Yes, yes, my soul will soon burst forth into a greater light, like the new wheat peeps gladly from the dark bosom of Mother Earth.”

He left us with a happy smile, and we saw him no more, for he was borne to his “reward” that night. But his wonderful, undoubting faith has ever since been a light to me.

There were no bells rung for him, no write-ups of his long, useful life; but up there where deeds are measured by the rule of merit, I know he will be welcomed as one of earth’s noblemen, and I hope there, sometime, to meet him again and repay his gentle services, in those old grey days of “Our Good Angel.”

There are many characters among us like this Christ-like man; in fact, he belongs to a class rapidly passing, perhaps by us

unnoticed and unpraised, but I dare say future history will know and honor them, as *The "Mormon" Pioneers, who reclaimed the Great American Desert.*

PROVO, UTAH.

"Wireless"

We list the pealing sounds that roll where vivid lightnings start;
Or note the smothered rumbling groans of crater's troubled heart;
With sacred awe we search the cause of voices thundered there,
'Tis then, through nature, God does speak by wireless in the air.

The waves that roll upon the deep, and clash and foam and roar;
The rolling tempests there that sweep the sea from shore to shore,
Have voiced a language—deep, sublime, aloof from minds of men,
Yet, carried far on wireless wings, 'tis but God's voice again.

The sun, which lights the many worlds, knows all their lands and seas,
And fills their clouds from ocean beds to waft them o'er their leas,—
Has learned the language of a smile and answers with a ray;
While God is speaking all the while, e'en suns list to obey.

There is a voice in every ray that plows the blue afar;
There is a voice in every orb, and every falling star;
Then why not man define the tongue, or read the writing there,
Of every tone and sound sublime which God sends through the air?

The starry worlds, which travel on through endless realms of space,
In order move, and never clash, or loose their lightning pace,
But know the language of the deep, of way-marks stamped with light;
And God's own voice, though often still, they've learned its power and
might.

Then, man, be wise, God speaks through thee, his station is thy soul;
Arise, record the voice that speaks, and make thy heart its goal.
Leave not the rocks and suns and seas his record all to bear,
But place thine heart where it shall catch his message through the air.

S. T. BRIMHALL-FOLEY.

A Purpose in Life

BY O. W. M'CONKIE

The man without an ambition directed by a noble sentiment is the man who can sit idly and contentedly watching the stream of life pass him by. He is the man who is occupying space but is of no more real worth to the community than an Egyptian mummy.

Such insular ideas, ideals, and characters as thousands upon thousands of the young people in this our own dear country do possess, such foolish and ridiculous goals, are attained as a result of continued travel along that antique trail—Drift.

If I would lead and direct men aright I must live a noble life. Every act registers its meaning. Every word makes its impression. Every move has its effect.

Do you desire a dress-suit? Pay for it, and it is yours. Do you desire heart and brain power? Pay for them, and you are king. Do you desire to be honest and true? Make yourself so by acts of nobility. Covet not your brother's failings, but despise not him. Make injustice and impurity your foe. Remember always that the stain of crime's footprints is hard to erase. Tears and blood are required to wash such stain away. Bear in mind that "our world is a college, events are teachers, happiness is the graduating point, character is the diploma God gives man."

The man who has a strong purpose, supported by a "stiff upper lip," will meet life's battles as truth meets falsehood; as sunbeams meet the earth; and they will bow before him as the weed to the scythe; as darkness to light.

To have no set aim is to be as trash in the street, wafted and kicked about by all who pass. He is carried about by each gust of wind until he finally alights in the gutter or slough. Here he lies dormant. He has no strength to lift himself up. Here he dies a temporal death. He had died mentally and spiritually long since.

Think, plan, act. Let your ambition lead you on. "Shoot at the sun and you may hit a star." Stretch forth your imagination

and let noble dreams lead, guide and inspire you. Work while you dream. Conquer by persistence.

"Do not pray for easy lives;
Pray to be strong men."

Strong desire, ambition and heavenly inspiration will master. The despondent will be comforted, and while it may be possible that, "this miry slough is such place as cannot be mended," yet its power over us can be materially decreased. Should we care to save our feet from such ground, it is within our power. We may cast up highways. We may cultivate a hedge around us. We may spew out our filth.

The man devoid of purpose is like unto a stream without an outlet. He runs his course, sinks into the ground and is forgotten as soon as the soil above him is crusted. He is like unto a snowman, ready to freeze into ice or melt and disappear, just as the climatic conditions may chance to be. He is afraid to grapple with life's obstacles. He goes not the way of honesty, but is desirous of stealing through the gate of chance. At sight of the hill Difficulty, he faints. He has acquired some little pleasing manner and considerable hypocrisy. His armor is not bright, for it is not worth oiling. He trembles at thought of death, since he has done nothing to make the world happy. He examines not where he treads, for little does he care as long as his waist band is tight. "Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering." He would willingly "sell his soul for a mess of pottage."

To the man of worth, a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. The very fact that he has an opportunity of catching the one in the bush offers development. When work and ingenuity are required, strength is acquired. The birds in the hand may be the result of one's decay; the one in the bush, the means of his exaltation. The Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself. Just so with us; we gain strength from resisted temptation. Subdued temptations contribute to our character-building. That which was intended to be painful and vital, if properly met, terminates into blessings.

The key to success hangs within the reach of all. True, we must reach for it. Difficulties will present themselves and must be met. That, however, is not so serious as would seem when we

consider that most of our difficulties, obstacles and troubles exist in the mind only, and that had we not given them nourishment they would have died long since. With the touch of perseverance in the hand, any gulf of disappointment or seeming failure may be successfully crossed. Only for the feeble and weak who have not a strong and holy purpose is the dismal swamp of failure deepened.

How can we who are created in the image of God drift along without a care? A mirage of such is enough to sicken the heart. If we had been created to simply float down the stream of life we would have been created dead. Dead fish can float down stream, but it takes live ones to breast the current. If you have no purpose the day is in sight when the deadly odor from your carcass will pest men. You must die. You may *exist* but you can't *live*.

Naturally, purposes vary according to intelligences. There are, however, a few things that every one can do. Each can climb daily, hourly. Each can cause something to be done that no one else could do. Each can have love and honor in the heart and make the world better and brighter, and then what mattereth it as to one's body? With Job we will cry: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

MOAB, UTAH.



IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST, ARIZONA

A Glimpse of the Scottish Highlands

BY SHIRLEY PENROSE JONES

We look at a picture, admire it, and remember it for a short time, then it is forgotten. In our memories, perchance, we retain a dim mental vision of it, but it is largely due to some incident connected with its story if we recall it vividly in after moments. We gaze upon a rugged mountain and are moved to awe by its magnificence; we are enraptured by a smiling vista, and charmed by crystal lakes, but, unless there is connected with these things of nature something intimately associated with our recollections, we



FORTH BRIDGE

are apt to remember them only as delightful scenes and fail to recall anything distinguishing about them.

The visitor to Scotland will indeed be dull of observation should he fail to find in the hills and lakes of that country pictures to momentarily delight the eye and appeal to the sense of things beautiful. And should his taste incline towards other things he could quite as easily be satisfied with the study of her national

life, by the customs and habits of the coltars, or by the commerce of the cities. But to fully appreciate Scotland he should direct some attention to her stirring history; her intrigues and chivalry. Holyrood Palace becomes a mere pile of ancient brick and mortar if we forget the story of Riggio or the ill-fated Mary, and we have no interest in Edinburgh's dirty High Street if we overlook that once it was the aristocratic street of the city; that here lived and died the reformer John Knox. We look around us and see the ravages of poverty and then realize the changes wrought in the evolution of cities as we remember that once these dingy houses and dirty cobbles were graced by the highest in the land.

However, our eyes at present are not to be directed upon the lowland cities, so let us turn our attention towards the famous Highlands of Scotland and see what the perspective affords us. Leaving Edinburgh we shall journey through Dunkeld, Killiecrankie Pass and Airemore, the heart of the highland region, to Inverness, "capital of the north."

One of the first objects of interest is the magnificent Forth Bridge. Located some twelve miles from Edinburgh, it spans the



ON THE FINDHORN



LOOKING UP THE FINDHORN FROM THE DIVIE

Firth of Forth and is about one mile and a quarter long. It took years to construct and is so huge that a gang of men is employed to keep it painted and in repair. We get permission from the manager to walk across the bridge and it takes us an hour and a half

to make a return journey. During that time some ten trains pass us. In the middle of the bridge, which is built on the cantilever system and formed of three great spans, it takes a stone about fifteen seconds to drop from the flooring to the water. Far over our heads tower great cables holding this marvel of engineering skill together. The largest cables are fully twelve feet in diameter.



THE ISLAND AND THE TWO BRIDGES,
INVERNESS

From the Bridge to Perth the landscape has an appearance like the tops of high rolling hills. Perthshire is one of the prettiest counties of Scotland, and our trip will take us through this district. On our way we pass many uprooted pine trees whose short, wide roots show us the shallowness of the soil on these mountains. From

Perth onward the contour of the country is much the same, although there are many different details to lend variety. The hills are high and in many places are covered with loose, jagged boulders. In the summer and fall a purple mantle of heather clothes these ancient fast-

nesses of the fierce clansmen, but in winter the garb is changed for one of dull brown, putting the hills in mourning for their past tragic history. As we rush along, the picture is like one vast, drab background of hills reaching far off



INVERNESS FROM THE CASTLE HILL

into the distance where sky and earth each lose identity and blend together in pleasing harmony. The foreground is dotted here and there with green forests of pine trees from between whose branches sparkle crystal lakes like diamonds in an emerald setting.

Occasionally we will pass small villages nestling in tiny valleys, but the region through which we pass is very sparsely settled. Much of the hilly country forms the estates where wealth and affluence spend their time with rod and gun escaping the inroads of social luxury. Wild, long-horned cattle roam over the hills, on guard to preserve the spirit of untamable nature.

We will possibly be surprised to find that the wearing of kilts is as much a part of romance as are those who wore them. Very few besides the soldiers are garbed in this picturesque dress, but if desirous we may have our photographs taken in full Scotch costume to impress our friends that we have exhaustively prosecuted our search into Caledonian customs.

The Pass of Killiecrankie is one of the famous beauty spots included in our journey. Also Carr Bridge, the village immediately beyond Aviemore, where timber-clad valleys and hills form a soothing view of nature at perfect rest.

Just before we arrive at Inverness, Culloden Moor and Battlefield are reached. As we look over this barren spot our minds revert to a time when the ground swarmed with the desperate Highlanders of Bonnie Prince Charlie. We see them fiercely charging the forces of Cumberland—the spirit of freedom lending valor to their almost superhuman efforts. We look again and see them gradually driven back by the trained English soldiers until they seek safety in flight, leaving behind the dead hopes of Scotland's last great attempt for freedom. After the rout and defeat the Highlands ceased to be an abode of opposition to established law, and a sheriff had no more trouble in arresting his man here than in the lowlands.

Inverness at last! What disappointment! As we emerge from the railway station into the business part of the city we see on all sides squalid buildings and dingy streets. But we reserve our judgment until after further investigation and feel repaid for our discretion. Aside from one or two streets, Inverness is the most beautiful of cities. If you admire antiquity, adore romance, or if your inclination leans towards scenic beauties, you shall be satisfied. Anything you want is at Inverness! If we shut out our twentieth century skepticism, we are in the fairyland of our childhood dreams. That is, if we will be content with looking at it, but I'm afraid our American love for possession will tempt us to buy

something in this fairyland, then, alas, we will awaken with a shock for the inhabitants of Inverness are not slumbering in reminiscence but are alert to the realities of life. So much so that things we want will here cost us more than at other places farther south.

The city is built on both side of the River Ness and is situated on the north coast of Scotland at the head of the Moray Firth and the mouth of the great glen. It is joined together by four public bridges. The eastern city embodies the main business as well as the most historic parts, while on both sides are many lovely, romantic walks leading to cozy nooks and past the beautiful grounds of stately homes.

There are more charming walks and picturesque places in Inverness than in any city we have yet visited. In the river are many wooded islands connected with each other and the riverbanks by bridges. Walks and paths with an occasional bench have been designed for the comfort of strollers. One municipality, at least, pays attention to the peculiar needs, in the way of solitude and harmonious surroundings, of those mortals who have tasted from the enchanted well or been stricken with the arrows of implacable Cupid. Overhead the swaying trees gently brush together and make a mournful sighing in sympathy with the young creatures so remorselessly possessed. At our feet, running away from the foot path, and encircling the trees with tender embrace, are vines and other vegetation, and through the undergrowth we hear the faint, lapping gurgle of the invisible river making sweet music like some Lorelei tempting us to destruction. But to adequately describe these enchanted walks we should be disciples of Eros, but being in no mood for his tutoring we reluctantly turn our eyes from them to safer if less romantic things.

To the east of Inverness rises an eminence known as Castle Hill which has been the site of fortifications since about the twelfth century. It is certain there was a fort there in the reign of William the Lion (1165-1214). From the Hill a magnificent view is secured. Away on every side are mountains clasping the little city in their protecting arms. The hill slopes are divided among the cotters whose white houses make a bright relief in the panorama. Not far from Castle Hill is the Crown where was located the traditionary castle of Macbeth—Shakespeare's immortal

character. Inverness fairly lives in historical episodes and romance. Before leaving we must mention that from Inverness runs the Caledonian canal, the largest in Scotland. It leads into Loch Ness and from here on a clear day we may see Ben Nevis, Britain's highest peak.

Some twenty-five miles northeast of Inverness is Farres from where we may walk for miles along the banks of the Findhorn or Divie rivers through a delightful combination of forest, mountain and river country. In places, the river runs a raging torrent, leaping and snarling from rock to rock, and again is silent and subdued, seeking to hide itself, ashamed of its former violence. The Earl of Murray owns some of the land we pass over, and the immense forests of pine, larch, spruce and oak form the shooting-grounds of many noted hunting parties.

We have now but glanced at a few of Scotland's historic beauty spots, but they are sufficient to give us some idea of the natural wonders of the Highlands, and a more intelligent conception of the courage and misfortune of those sturdy men who loved and fought for the country whose own untamable disposition encouraged them to love freedom and liberty.

HULL, ENGLAND.

Pioneer Incidents

RELATED BY BISHOP HIRAM B. CLAWSON

V

In about 1863, Mr. Clawson crossed the plains, going to New York with some gold. He relates that the Indians were very bad on the road, and continues:

We were going on past Denver, and the night at first came out so clear and moonlight that I got out of the coach that night. We knew Indians were on the road, and got every gun there was in the coach and placed them by the side of every man. When we reached the fort we heard there had been several men shot;

hence, we concluded we would better stay, and we sent back for help to Denver. There was a preacher on a coach who had escaped and come back to the fort. When he got half way between the two stations the Indians shot the driver off his seat. They had missed the preacher and the mules had started to run. He got down on the double-trees. There were some sloughs along toward the river, and while the animals were going for all they were worth, he was shaken off into the slough. The Indians went on, got the coach, and came back to hunt for him, but could not find him. He lay in the bushes next the river close by, and after they went away he came back to the station. Next day we started on. Almost at every station there had been a driver or somebody else killed. We were pretty well armed, and we had learned how to be pretty safe. We took shot guns and cut the barrels off so that they were about two feet long. We could thus have them with us in the coach. The Indians got tired of this kind of thing, and we had no bother when they learned we had these instruments.

One of the beautiful things on the plains was the antelope. They were very numerous. At the stations we got the cooks to prepare a lot of antelope steak which we took into the coach and ate on the way. It was the best food I ever ate.

Up in the Black Hills, some 400 miles away, we were short of meat and almost everything else. It looked as if we were going to starve, so I concluded that I would go out and see if I could kill something. Some people think that it was a good deal of bragging for me to say that I killed a buffalo, but I went back about a mile and a half on the road we had just come over. There I saw a little depression and a little sharp hill. I went to see if I could find anything on the other side. Going down there, I saw a buffalo five years old, probably a little older. I was not the least alarmed nor excited over it, but concluded that I would take a shot at that buffalo. He could not see me, so I got a good aim, fired and hit him. I cannot remember where I struck him, but it was not long before he wavered on his feet and tumbled over dead. I returned to camp, and they just yelled and hollered. They hardly believed it, but I said: "You will see some bones tomorrow where the wolves have eaten him, if you don't go." They took a wagon, and returned, hooting and yelling, with the

buffalo meat. That was the only time we had buffalo meat. We did not save the hide. I was too young to pay much attention to it, and those animals were pretty common then, anyway.

VI

At a dinner given to Senator Stewart of Nevada, in 1896, H. B. Clawson was present, besides senators and reporters. He relates this incident:

There were no others of the general public allowed, but for some reason or other I was invited to be there. I guess they thought they would put up a job on me, I do not know. We got along with the dinner, got through with the eating, and they had gone to drinking champagne, and were firing intellectual shots at each other—they were mighty smart.

There was a man by the name of Private John Allen, noted for his wit, and for the clever things he said. He was seated next to me, round the circle of the table, and every little while he asked me some question about the "Mormons" and about coming across the plains. I was very innocent about the matter and answered his questions without thinking much about it. After the others had got around pretty well, he arose. Well, you could have heard a pin drop when he got up, because he was a noted man, and they knew there was something coming which they thought was good.

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, I want to introduce a man from the West, a frontiersman, a man who crossed the plains barefooted, a man who is a 'Mormon.' More than that, gentlemen, he is a polygamist. And now, I want to say to you, gentlemen, if there is a single man in this crowd who is not a polygamist, let him rise to his feet."

Well, they roared with laughter, and he continued: "Gentlemen, you will observe that I am the only man standing."

Conjoint Sessions of the Seventeenth Annual M. I. A. Conference

The conjoint meetings of this conference were held on Friday, June 7, at 10 a. m. in the Assembly Hall, and on Sunday in the great Tabernacle at 10 a. m., and 2 and 7.30 p. m. Separate officers meetings were held at 2 p. m. and on Saturday. At the first meeting the congregation sang "Redeemer of Israel" and prayer was offered by Elder James G. McKay of the Ogden stake. The Pioneer stake ladies' chorus, Mabel Cooper, director, sang, "The Lady Pioneer." President Joseph F. Smith presided and President Martha H. Tingey and members of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Boards were on the stand.

Elder Heber J. Grant briefly explained that the time of the meeting would be devoted to a practical or suggestive program for open-night meetings. "You understand," he said, "that the open-night meeting is the extra conjoint meeting held each month conjointly by the young men and the young ladies in each ward. These open-night meetings are intended to give opportunity for orations, story-telling, book reviews, lectures, debates and other conjoint activities, and this program is intended as an illustration."

"The Mighty Power of Truth," a story from the fourth chapter of Esdras was given by Stephen L. Love, Jr. of Granite stake, and the second story by Jennie Leigh of Parowan stake was entitled "Indian Experiences in Early Utah." The Granite stake prize male quartet gave a selection. This was followed by a story by Charles England of Cache stake, "A School Boy Experience." Miss Jessie E. Tibbs, Salt Lake stake, related a story entitled, "Misfortunès."

Wallace B. Peterson of Alpine stake gave an oration:

BRIGHAM YOUNG AS A PIONEER.

My dear brethren and sisters and co-laborers in the Mutual Improvement work: I am indeed pleased to have the honor of meeting with you upon this occasion. I assure you that I feel my inability in attempting to talk to you for a few minutes upon the pioneer labors of our former President, Brigham Young.

The theme covers so many different phases of life, and the results are so uniformly favorable to civilization, that one cannot help but wonder at the magnitude of such remarkable achievements. Surely Brigham Young, as a man, must stand for a unique and remarkable character in the social, political and moral development of our country. He was not a pioneer of chance as was Saul of old, who went to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. Brigham Young's was one of destiny, he played the noble part allotted to him in the divine plan of life and did it well.

Brigham Young was born in the day-break of the Nineteenth Century. He was born of lowly but honorable parentage, therefore through financial circumstances he received only a common school education.

In the year 1832 he first heard of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the truths therein so greatly impressed themselves upon his mind that he soon made a close investigation of the same and after so doing became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Because of his willingness to work in little things he

soon was promoted and ordained an apostle in the Church. Six years later he was appointed and ordained President of that quorum.

He was a great friend of the Prophet Joseph, and defended him during the dark days of Kirtland Apostasy. He passed through the bloody scenes of Missouri, during which period he received valuable information that greatly assisted him in later life.

At the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the people looked to him for guidance and consolation, nor did they look in vain, for he soon silenced their divisions, calmed their fears, inspired them with hope and courage, until the Saints felt and confessed that the spirit which had moved Joseph in his work was living in Brigham Young.

His first active pioneer life started when the Saints were driven from their homes and out of their beloved city, Nauvoo. It was during this period of his life that he shouldered the burden of a Moses to deliver latter-day Israel out of bondage, and after receiving permission from the governor of Iowa to cross the state, he successfully led a small number of his people to the banks of the Missouri river, where they settled Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska.

One writer has said that the work of a pioneer is to blaze the path for others, to mark at his peril a road that others may follow in safety; therefore, Brigham Young could see this necessity.

Their stop in Winter Quarters was not only to prepare themselves for the great exodus into the wilderness of the West, but to establish a recruiting station for future emigration.

Brigham Young could see that to make such a journey his people must be thoroughly organized in order to make rapid progress, so through inspiration from the Lord, he organized each company with captains over tens, captains over fifties, and captains over hundreds, and a captain over them all.

Just before their departure from Winter Quarters in the early spring of '47, he called his people together and gave these instructions: "If any are sick, let those who are well help them. If any are poor, let those who have means divide their substance unto the poor. If there are any who are not of our faith who wish to accompany us into the wilderness for the search of homes, let them come and give them a hearty welcome, because I look upon every American citizen as a friend and brother."

With this feeling of brotherly love, Brigham Young and his people turned their faces toward the land of the setting sun, and made one of the greatest pioneering marches ever recorded in history.

It was not a journey of bloodshed and destruction, but one of love and construction, building bridges, making roads through forests and over mountains for a distance of more than one thousand miles.

In order to make such a journey it took a leader at their head with courage to face trials, sorrows, and disappointments: a man who could meet them squarely and move forward unscratched and undaunted, and such a man was Brigham Young.

When his people were in deepest sorrow and tribulation, when hope had fled, when skies were dark, and the only music to their ears was the war whoop of the painted savage, and the dismal howl of the wolf, when thunders rolled and lightning flashed, mid all this despair, Brigham Young would sing and shout to his people:

"Come, come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this truth to tell—
All is well! all is well!"

One writer who is not of our faith compares Brigham Young with Christopher Columbus, because both were pioneers, both were dauntless in their courage, both were successful. Columbus said, "Sail on, sail on, and on." Brigham Young said, "Come on, come on, and on."

With such a general, this valiant but small band of exiles were led safely to the valleys of the mountains.

When they saw Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young laid off the cloak of Moses, and took up himself the calling of Joshua to settle his people upon the land of their inheritance, in which he was successful.

Before many years had elapsed, Brigham Young and his people had established a commonwealth that now draws the eyes and the wealth of the world in its direction.

Among the first instructions that Brigham Young gave to his people after arriving in Salt Lake Valley was to redeem the arid lands, and strongly discouraged the desire to hunt for silver and gold. "We cannot eat silver and gold," said Brigham Young, "we need bread and clothing first."

One great reason why we are living in a land of milk and honey today is, because the people then followed his advice.

The "Mormon" people today have credit for being the world's greatest colonizers, and they duly receive that credit because of the lessons taught them by President Brigham Young.

In the beginning of Utah's history, Salt Lake Valley was large enough to hold and sustain all the emigrants that would arrive in years, but only months had passed when Brigham Young was colonizing and settling in counties at the north, counties at the south, east and west, and it became so extensive before his death that you could count states on the north, south, east and west, settled by our people.

Mr. Jordan makes the remark in his little book entitled, "Great Truths," that: "The reformer in morals, in education, in religion, in sociology, in philosophy, or in any line of aspiration is ever a pioneer." Brigham Young cannot be classified under one of the separate headings but his broad scope of qualifications covers them all.

As a reformer in morals he ever stands a pioneer in precept and in example.

In education he ranks second to none, because of the pioneership in that regard. Largely through his efforts, Utah ranks third among the states of the Union in common school education today.

Our Church schools stand as a memorial to the honor of our state, and their foundations were laid by this remarkable man.

To his religion he stood firm and unwavering, and was ever ready to proclaim to the world the convictions of his own heart.

Socially he stood as a pillar of merriment and realized that there is always a social phase to every one's life and that it needed food for de-

velopment, for which cause he built the Salt Lake Theatre, which was then the best of its kind between St. Louis and the Pacific Coast.

As a philosopher he stood among the statesmen and educators of the world.

He instituted irrigation, redeemed arid lands, built cities and railroads, established newspapers and factories, and made the whole land hum with the wheels of industry.

He was a great lover of architecture, some of the evidences of which are the Salt Lake Temple and Tabernacle, as well as the other Temples in our state, all of which stand as monuments in praise and honor to his name.

He needs no monuments of marble or bronze, because his name and fame are forever enshrined in the temples of history in the Westminster Abbey of the soul.

Because of the development of his great achievements, we can sing the fulfilment of that song:

"Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And *now* we have this truth to tell—
All is well! all is well!"

LEHI, UTAH.

Miss Ila Fisher of Wasatch stake gave an oration entitled,

"THE THREE PIONEER WOMEN OF UTAH."

Utah, seventy years ago, was isolated from civilization—a dry and desolate land roamed over by savages and wild beasts. The lofty peaks that now surround our verdant valleys, then looked down on a barren and forbidding region of shifting sands, sterile rocks, and slimy pools where "crept the panting lizard, chirped the cricket, and crawled the rattlesnake." At this time the "Mormons" were being so cruelly persecuted that it called forth a prophecy from the lips of Joseph Smith that the Saints should one day become a great and mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. The desert wastes of Utah, apparently so forsaken of heaven's blessings, was the very place God had chosen for his people.

Persecution at last became so great that the Saints could no longer suffer the affliction and they determined to flee for refuge to the Unknown West where they could build a new Zion in peace. Man alone could not succeed in an undertaking that was to affect humanity so greatly. It was necessary that the refining touch of woman's hand should influence the history of Utah from the very beginning. Surely God moved the hearts of the Pioneer leaders to include three women and two children in that immortal band that left Winter Quarters early in April, 1847, to seek a new home. The distinction of being members of this company fell on three worthy spirits, Harriet Page Wheeler Young, Clara Decker Young and Ellen Sanders Kimball. The difficult journey required that they be women of strength and courage and wisdom, and with these qualities God had graciously endowed each one.

Perhaps the greatest responsibility of the journey fell on Harriet Young, for she was the mother of Clara, and like a mother to Ellen—in fact, she was “mother” to the whole company. She was born of Welsh parents in Hillsborough, a thrifty little town in New Hampshire, in the harvest time of 1803. In youth she became an expert spinner and weaver of flax and wool, and equally efficient as a housekeeper and cook—accomplishments so necessary to a pioneer. She equipped herself not only with this domestic knowledge but with strength of character which made her a worker such as God would choose for his cause. At seventeen she married Isaac Decker and to them were born five children, one of which was Clara. She, like her mother, was destined to become famous as one of Utah’s Pioneer Women. Nearly thirty years of Harriet’s life had passed before she heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but she was quick to receive the glad tidings of salvation, for in her heart she could know truth. For eight years she and her family endured persecutions with the Saints in Kirtland. Then, in search of peace, they went to Missouri, but even more suffering for their faith awaited them there. Three years later they removed to Nauvoo, and here Isaac and Harriet Decker separated. Their life channels had become so different, they could no longer journey in unison. After two years of single life, Harriet was sealed in marriage to Lorenzo D. Young. The clouds of persecution on the city of Nauvoo rapidly grew darker and darker until at the awful hour of the martyrdom of the Prophet there was little light left. Harriet and her husband fled with the other Saints from the distressed city in the fall of ’46 and settled until the following spring at Winter Quarters.

Clara’s history is partly told in the narrative of her mother. She was always a frail child, being afflicted with asthma from her earliest years. When only a little tot of three she met with a fearful and well-nigh fatal accident by toddling unobserved under the descending blow of her father’s ax while he was chopping wood. At fifteen she underwent a long and severe sick spell during which her life was often despaired of, but from this, as from every other affliction, God raised her up and gave her strength to endure the toils and trials of a pilgrimage to the wild West. Though delicate, like her mother, she possessed a courageous spirit with admirable presence of mind and power of patient endurance.

Our third heroine traveled a very difficult pathway in early life. She was born in the far off mountains of Norway, in 1824, and came to America thirteen years later where she became known as Ellen Sanders. She and her brothers and sisters within a year after their arrival in this new land, were made orphans. Little Ellen, a stranger in a strange land, earned her daily bread by hiring herself to work in private homes. Seven summers faded into winters but Ellen knew no change. Then the Gospel message came to bless her lonely life, and she immediately joined the Saints at Nauvoo. Here she became the wife of Heber C. Kimball, by whose side she remained steadfast through all the persecutions and privations that the Saints endured. The vicissitudes of her early life had prepared her to toil and sacrifice, and so with Harriet Young and sister Clara she left Winter Quarters with that immortal little band of Pioneers to find a refuge in the West.

It was not in the original plan that women should be included in

this first journey over the untrodden way, but more than once did these "ministering angels" prove that no mistake was made in bringing them. Instead of being a burden, they proved a blessing to the travelers. They served and washed and cooked and helped to keep the camp in order. And toward the close of the journey when even the strongest were becoming weak and weary, our Pioneer Women cheered and encouraged and comforted the Pilgrims, and tenderly cared for the sick as only women can do. They suffered patiently when the sun beat down on the barren deserts, when the rain fell in the shady mountain gorges. They breathed no murmur of complaint when their shoes wore from their feet and night fell on bloody traces on the cruel stones. On they plodded, wading rivers, crossing deserts, climbing mountains, trusting still in God.

When they emerged from Emigration canyon and entered the Great Salt Lake Valley, a picture—the most lonely and desolate they had yet seen on all their weary way—met their gaze. They had longed to find the pasture green or the sheltering, leafy tree, but in the valley there were no meadows, no trees—only a sunburned waste. Grief that could not be expressed pierced the hearts of our heroines. Tenderly and tearfully they thought of the friendship ties they had severed, thought of the homes they had left where the country was all like a garden. Was it for this they had toiled and sacrificed and suffered? Alas! must they live and die in such a place?

They had sought a safe retreat, and truly here they had found it! This was the home God had decreed for them. On their pilgrim journey they had endured all things without complaint, their courage had never faltered, their faith had never failed, and even now they bore their disappointment with a patient grace. It was not for pleasure, not for praise, not for the distinction, that they came. It was their faith, their devotion, their divine heroism that brought them to be Utah's Pioneer Women.

"The very place!" exclaimed President Young as he scanned with prophetic eye not only the barren valley, but the sublime possibilities of the future which prayerful faith and patient toil would unfold. In spite of the disappointment, preparations were soon begun to firmly secure themselves in the land that was henceforth to be their home. The season was late, but crops were immediately planted in the hope of a harvest. The summer months wore away, and in the early fall, Presidents Young and Kimball and a few others set out to meet the second company that had left Winter Quarters. Starvation and danger from hostile Indians confronted our heroines, but they faced them bravely and permitted their husbands to journey forth to greet the coming Saints.

Oh! those were trying days. The few supplies of the company were fast being exhausted and the settlers were forced to subsist on rations of four ounces of flour per day and a little milk. But before the scanty harvest was reaped, even the flour was exhausted, and hunger compelled them to eat wild roots and even drink the glue from cooked raw-hides.

Still, the pioneer life was not without beauty. Our mothers found among the gray sage brush the lovely Sego Lily. Sweet blossom of hope! How it must have cheered and gladdened their lonely hearts!

How it must have held secret communion with their spirits! They admired its exquisite beauty and it made their lives more beautiful. They loved its purity, and it made their hearts more pure. They inhaled its fragrance, and it gave them power to exhale a spirit of love and hope.

Late in October a second company of pilgrims reached the valley bringing with them new supplies and courage and cheer for those who had remained in anxious waiting. As soon as it was thought wise, Harriet Young and her husband left the old Fort where until now the entire company had lived together for protection from hostile Indians, and went to live where today stands the Beehive House. President Young built for his wife Clara a little dwelling near her mother, and Ellen and her husband soon abandoned the old Fort for a private home.

With the exception of a journey undertaken later one spring by sister Harriet, from which she returned the following summer, the remainder of the lives of our Pioneer Women was passed amid the scenes of the early colonization of Utah. They beheld the barren valleys they had found being gradually transformed into a prosperous city. The months of their lives faded into years of pleasure and peace and joy mingled with all their privations.

So, with toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, the years wore away, but not without leaving their traces. In June, 1868, Time brought the seal of Death and stamped it on the brow of Ellen Kimball's husband. In her widowhood she moved with her children to Bear Lake Valley, but three years later she suffered from dropsy and returned to Salt Lake to consult a physician and to walk for the last time in the valley she had been one of the first to enter. This completed her life's work, and on November 22, 1871, she was laid to rest by the side of her illustrious husband.

In life a kindred tie had united the hearts of our Pioneer Mothers, and in death the spirits of the eldest two were not long separated. Just one month later, December 22, the summons of departure came to Harriet Young. A complication of disorders in a system naturally delicate and fast becoming worn and weary ended a life that for three score and ten years had been spent in self sacrifice and service.

For Clara there still remained seventeen years of pilgrimage and one deep draught of sorrow for her to drink. She must see Zion's leader, her husband, on August 29, 1877, fall before the sickle of the Universal Reaper. This heavy loss sanctified her life, and she continued to bless and serve until one winter afternoon eleven years later her heart failed her—the heart that for sixty years had throbbed with love for humanity.

So lived and labored and died Utah's three Pioneer Women. Theirs is an obscure story, but their part in the early colonization and development of our State, was none the less effective, none the less faithful and true, although comparatively silent. Patient, faithful, enduring women! For their unselfish service we love and honor them, countless generations will remember and revere their names. They leave to future ages a blessing even greater than their work. The records of their sainted lives reveal three pure, devoted, noble characters.

Theirs were the hands that began the work of making our Moun-

tain State blossom. They endured the hardships and privations necessary for Utah to be adorned today with spreading cities, towering buildings, majestic temples, beautiful homes. They toiled to conquer the unfruitful soil that you and I might today enjoy rich fields of growing grain and orchards all abloom, groves and gardens, and crystal streams fresh from the hills of eternal snows. By the works that they began the barren desert of Utah twenty years ago had been transformed into our mountain home, our garden of variegated beauty!

"Oh Pioneer Women! Could thine eyes but see
All this, the glory that thy life has wrought;
Beauty that blossomed from thy barren lot;
Strength that is fruit of thy fidelity;
The truth of all thy trust upon thy gaze,—
Thy hands would raise from dust in clasp amaze!

"Oh Pioneer Women! from thy lowly door
Cities have sprung; the seeds of nations sown,
The paths thy tender feet have trodden down
The masters of the earth are grateful for.
Women of many tears, dost thou behold
The iron of thy years is turned to Gold!"

The Granite stake M. I. A. prize male quartet sang "Annie Laurie," after which the benediction was pronounced by Sister Lavon Smith, of Bear River stake.

At the Sunday morning meeting in the Tabernacle the combined M. I. A. choruses of the Jordan stake, Wm. M. Cox, director, sang, "Utah We Love Thee," and prayer was offered by President Anthon H. Lund. The Jordan stake choruses then sang, "Praise Ye the Father," by Gounod. President Joseph F. Smith presided.

The next thirty minutes were occupied by a sample preliminary program. Elder Edward H. Anderson spoke on, "The purpose and method of preliminary programs."

The subject "Faith-Promoting Topics," was taken up under three heads (a) A re-told story, by Clarissa A. Beesley, (b) Personal Experiences, Dr. George H. Brimhall, and (c) A vocal duet, "The Lord is my Shepherd," by Margaret Summerhays and Melvin Peterson. The remarks and stories will be printed later.

A solo was then rendered by Miss Edna Evans entitled "Fear Ye not, O Israel," after which Elder Junius F. Wells gave the following:

"A TALK ON LANGUAGE."

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

When I was a school boy I was told that this first paragraph of Dr. Johnson's celebrated little book was one of the seven most perfect sentences in English literature. I never learned the other six or who wrote them.

I learned this one, however, and have never forgotten it; and it has had some influence upon my love of our glorious English language. It has been to me a sort of anchor, holding hard in the ideal sea of safe and sane and simple utterance, when the high and tumultuous winds of ever changing fashion might have blown my little literary craft, a derelict out in the vast ocean of commonplace verbiage, or a withering

hulk dry upon the desolate shores of big diction, or back to destruction upon the wrecking rocks of slang.

In the short time allotted to me I shall try to make plain my meaning by a few illustrations.

I remember once to have heard a speaker, a self-taught man, who greatly gloried in the grandiloquent, and knew and employed with dictionary exactitude more five-syllabled words than any other speaker I ever heard. He was speaking upon the evidence of divinity in the world today, and he meant mainly to say, "God is Love." Among his redundant sentences was this:

"With what comfort we contemplate the multifarious, indisputable and indubitable evidences of the unfathomable benignity of the divine love, made known unto us by the modern revelation of His supreme will."

Now I call that a wreck upon the desolate shores of big diction, with Webster's unabridged as the particular rock upon which the poor craft struck.

There is fashion in language, and it has its changes as surely, and especially in its lighter forms, as there are changes in the style of dress. It is not fashion that we fear or should avoid, but its extremes.

No doubt we should be glad of some changes, as we are of the ever-changing fashions in dress, especially its lighter forms, if women's dress may be so alluded to. Who of us could view with patience the attenuated skirt of the present vogue, if it were to remain long with us? It is tolerable for the time, for we know it will presently pass; and we can better endure it for its little day, than to have had with us always its double-barreled ancestress, the great swelling bloomers of the period when the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association was called the Retrenchment Society.

Fashion in the lighter forms of language is illustrated in what I shall call the refinement of slang. I trust you will bear with me, for the sake of the illustration, if I assemble several experiences into a forgiveable exaggeration as one. Meeting a young lady the other day, a near relative of mine, (a good many call me uncle) I greeted her with the usual,

"Good morning, it's a beautiful day."

"Fine," she said.

"The air is so bracing."

"Fine."

"How are the folks?"

"Fine."

"Did you like the play last night?"

"Fine."

"The tragic realism, almost agony of the heroine—"

"It was fine."

"Did you enjoy the music, the new orchestra?"

"Fine."

"That was a delicious supper after the play."

"Fine."

"Notice how soft and white the linen was?"

"Fine."

"And how fragrant and sweet the flowers?"

"Fine."

"Now look here, young woman, listen to me," and I frowned upon her. "I have greeted you with civility, inquired of the health of your family, elicited from you an expression of your appreciation of the tragic, of the beautiful, and of the enjoyment of all your senses; sight and hearing, taste and touch and smell, and all this you have expressed in a single beautiful word, used as slang, for not once have you used it in its true sense; but you have used and abused this poor little word 'fine,' " and I frowned upon her more severely, "and you have ignored and despised the multitude of words our comprehensive language so abounds in, by which every thought and every shade of thought and meaning can be perfectly expressed. Why have you done this? Because you have fallen into the lazy—not lady—habit of slang, the idle folly of the thoughtless utterance, using a slang word or a slang phrase, where words that *are* words, and sentences that *signify*, should be used. Do you not know that in this habit you are dwarfing your intellect, giving no employment to your mind, prostituting your heavenly gift of language, and falling to the level of the birds and lower animals, who do their very best to express themselves in the simulation of speech with a single note or two, a bark, or grunt or bray? Should you not be above these? Do you not think you should delight in your language, employ its beautiful words with some regard for their meaning; group and assemble them, with a little thought and love and care, to tell what you think and see and feel?"

She hung her graceful head and apparently was giving heed. Presently she looked up, and two great, crystal tears rolled from her beautiful blue eyes and trembled upon her rosy cheeks. She held out her hand and sweetly said, "Thank you so much, I believe every word you have spoken—*it's just fine.*"

Well, "fine" will presently pass, and some other word take its place. A few years ago it was "cute." I remember taking a lady afflicted with its habitual use to the opera in New York. She observed as we ascended the grand stairs and sauntered through the foyer that the whole Metropolitan opera house was "too cute" for anything. And as the opera progressed I learned that the magnificent scenery had "real cute" effects, and the splendid bass of Van Rooy's tremendous voice was "cute,"—to say nothing of the "cute" little trills of the mighty Melba. Upon going home we had to cross the Brooklyn bridge, and I started to tell her that the steel in its construction was more in weight than all the steel that had ever been used in arming, with swords and spears and guns and shields and armor, all the armies of the world, since the days of Alexander the Great; but I stopped in time and directed her attention to the black-haired, great-eyed little baby, held by an Italian young woman in the corner of the car, and she said, "how cute" of it, rather than of the bridge. For this I felt thankful.

Let us prize the privilege of pleasant speech, and hit hard, with hard knocks, the vulgar intruders that spoil it. Our language is threatened with fierceness from the slang of the bleachers. The low lingo of the fans and other sports is not left where it should be, with the "down-and-outs" at the ring-side or in the base-ball field. It is heard in every bank and railway office, in every shop and factory, and hotel, and restaurant, upon the street and in the fields, though I presume that

farmers are freer from it than others. It is heard in the political hustings. Have we not especial cause for concern at the present time in the persistent, impetuous employment of the vulgar expletive, "Bully," so commonly used by one who aspires to occupy the highest place among us in the government of men. In this, his example is pernicious.

The great universities and colleges are taking alarm and sending out warning. The beauty and integrity of our language, our mother tongue, is in danger. Let us side with these, as an Association whose name and purpose is Improvement. We should be found aligned with the forces that fight against inanity, vulgarity, profanity, and every other improper use and abuse of language.

Let us strip our language certainly of all profanity. Swearing is the most useless and pernicious of vices. My grandfather taught me a lesson on this, which he said was the most worthless and silly, sin. He said that some teamsters justified it in driving stubborn mules or stupid oxen, but that there was nothing in it. The only time he ever lost his temper and swore at his oxen, they broke his wagon, and he didn't swear very hard, either. He was hauling wood, things were going wrong in the canyon, and in anger he called out "Darn you, Buck, what are you pushing against Bright for?" Buck was so surprised at that awful swear word from his gentle driver that he gave another push and broke the wagon tongue, and, as grandpa said, taught him to control his own for ever after.

Let us taboo vulgarity and clothe our thoughts in the modest garments of refined language. Ridicule slang out of its predominance in our common speech, and at least relegate most of it to the slums whence it came.

We shall take on strength to do this by emulating the example, giving heed to the insistent instruction, of that painstaking, faithful, hard-worker, one of the most eminent and forever to be remembered and respected founders of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, Dr. Milton H. Hardy. He was so much a lover of his language, throughout his life, that he would no more pollute it by the use of a slang or vulgar word than he would take the name of God in vain.

Language is indeed the distinguishing gift of God to man, which makes him most like his Creator. By it man has given names to all other created things of earth, and air and sea, and exercises dominion over them. We should value this gift above rubies, and with reverence and gratitude employ it as He who gave it does; as need be, to command, entreat, to instruct and amuse instructively, to guide and help, to comfort and to pray.

And now, in conclusion, perhaps you will follow me silently in a word or two of prayer, which is the sublimest form of speech:

O Lord, God of our Fathers, draw near unto the youth of thy people, withhold not thou thy tender mercies from the children of Zion. Let thy loving kindness and thy truth preserve them continually, in purity of thought and feeling and utterance. Leave them not in temptation, but deliver them from evil, for thine is the power, and unto Thee shall we ascribe the praise, and the honor, and the glory, now and forever. Amen.

Elder David Smith of Teton stake sang "King of Eternity," after which Elder Thomas Hull expressed his appreciation of the very splendid meetings

held during the conference. Throughout the conference he had listened to discussions on various things which if introduced into our Mutual Improvement Associations would tend to refine, to uplift and edify the members and make them strong and useful in the Church and in society.

Mrs. Bessie Browning sang, "O Divine Redeemer, and Sister Sarah Eddington of the Young Ladies' Board spoke for a few moments on the beauties of Utah, and how the children and grandchildren of the Pioneers had been blessed in these valleys. In the Mutual Improvement Associations the study of Jesus Christ, his life, his teachings, and what he has done for us had been taken up and the Latter-day Saints more than any other people should love, and honor the name of our Savior.

The Jordan stake choruses then sang, "Soldier's Chorus," by Gounod, and the benediction was pronounced by Sister Ann M. Cannon of the Young Ladies' Board.

At 2 p. m. The Tabernacle Choir under the direction of Prof. Evan Stephens, sang, "Judge me, O God, and Plead My Cause," and prayer was offered by President Charles W. Penrose. The choir then sang "Christ is Risen." This was followed by three ten-minute talks: First, "Physical Development," by Elder B. H. Roberts. Elder B. S. Hinckley was to have spoken on this subject but was unavoidably detained.

"Intellectual Development" was treated by Sister Ruth May Fox of the Young Ladies' Board.

"Spiritual Development," By Sister Edith Hunter of the Primary Associations. She said that spiritual training should begin with the birth of the child, and that during its earliest months of life it should be surrounded by influences that tend to assist in spiritual development.

Solo, "Shepherd of the Flock"—Miss Nora McPherson, of Los Angeles.

The officers of the three associations were then presented, followed by an address by President Joseph F. Smith, which will be printed later.

The Tabernacle Choir sang, "God is our Refuge," and the benediction was pronounced by Sister Margaret Hull of the Primary Association. Some one presented the organization with a bouquet of Sego Lilies in the form of a great bee hive which adorned one of the stands during services.

At the evening meeting at 7:30 o'clock, the Granite stake choruses, under direction of Prof. Robinson, sang, and prayer was offered by Elder B. S. Hinckley. The primary children of Ensign stake under the direction of Nellie Penrose Whitney, sang "Let the Little Children come." Sister Ann Nebeker gave an address on "The Relation of the Primary Association to the M. I. A." The Primary children sang, "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd." Sister Mary Connelly, editor of the *Young Woman's Journal* and member of the General Board, addressed the congregation on

"THE PLACE OF THE Y. L. M. I. A. IN THE CHURCH."

Every thinking person who studies the history and religion of the Church of Jesus Christ is impressed with its wonderful, its perfect organization.

In the great system of training for complete living which the Church provides for its members, the Y. L. M. I. A. holds a unique and an important place. It is a great training school for the women of the Church with branches in every ward. It takes the girls at that critical period of their lives, when they are unsettled, when they so readily yield to influences, especially to the influence of numbers. It holds them through those years when they change from girlhood to womanhood. It encourages them to dream beautiful dreams and then to so order their lives that the vision splendid may be realized.

It combines the advantages gained by the boys from the Y. M. M. I. A. and from the Priesthood Quorums, hence the courses offered cover a wide range, for its duty—is to look after the physical, mental and spiritual development of the Young Women entrusted to its charge.

It still stands for the same things that it did when President Brigham Young organized the first association "for the promotion of habits of order, thrift, industry and charity."

It is interesting to note the wonderful scope, the breadth of the work that its prophet founder had in view in organizing the young women of Zion into a society. At the first meeting, he said:

"I desire them (the young women) to retrench from their extravagance in dress, in eating, and even in speech. The time has come when the sisters must agree to give up their follies of dress and cultivate a modest apparel, a meek deportment, and to set an example before the people of the world worthy of imitation—I want you to set your own fashion. I want my daughters to learn to work and to do it. Not to spend their time for naught, for our time is all the capital God has given us, if we waste that, we are bankrupt, indeed." Continuing, President Young said, "I have long had it in my mind to organize the Young Ladies of Zion into an association so that they might assist the older members of the Church, their fathers and mothers, in propagating, teaching and practicing the principles I have been so long teaching. There is need for the young daughters of Israel to get a living testimony of the truth. More testimonies are obtained on the feet than on the knees. I wish our girls to obtain knowledge of the Gospel for themselves, for this purpose I desire to establish this organization—retrench in everything that is bad and worthless, and improve in everything that is good and beautiful. Not to make yourselves unhappy, but to live so that you may be truly happy in this life and in the life to come."

What higher ideals could any society have than these which the father of the Y. L. M. I. A. gave us for its guiding at the first organization?

The place of the Young Ladies' Mutual in the Church, then, is:

1st, To gather the young women together into the organization:
2nd, To teach them the gospel of the Life of Christ, remembering that that gospel includes all truth, embraces everything that is beautiful, praiseworthy, and uplifting.

For the young women to get a living testimony of the truth, this is the most important, the first great fundamental purpose of the organization to work to. Everything else that President Young mentioned as things to be sought for will follow naturally when this aim is reached, for when a girl gets a living testimony of the gospel, she will cultivate habits of order, thrift, and charity. She will retrench from any extravagance in dress, in eating, or speech. She will learn to work and do it. She will properly value time. She will assist in propagating, teaching and practicing the principles of the gospel. She will retrench in everything that is bad and worthless and improve in everything that is good and beautiful.

It is the place of the Young Ladies' Mutual to stand by the side of the Young Men's organization, for they are united by very close ties. The Young Ladies should aid the Young Men whenever and wherever possible, for they are expected to be mutually helpful to each other.

It is the prerogative—aye more, the duty of the Young Ladies' Mutual, to provide times and places where the best in art, literature, and music may be presented and where social activities may be engaged in under proper supervision.

It is the place of the Young Ladies' Mutual to instil into the hearts of the young women of the Church in a way that no other organization can, the high ideal of motherhood, causing the girls to feel that success in no other line of service is comparable to that of giving to the Church pure and properly trained boys and girls to carry on the great work.

Its place is to supplement and fortify the teaching of the home and of the other auxiliary organizations. It means much to the Church to have its young women stand unitedly for the putting into practice of rules and regulations of the Church, to have them make the gospel their standard by which they judge whether things are desirable or undesirable.

It means much to the Church to have thousands of its women come together every week where they may be taught their duties, where they may have beautiful ideals placed before them, where they may partake of that blessing which the Savior has promised will follow wherever two or three are gathered together in his name.

It means much to the Church to have thousands of its young women bear testimony every month of the Father's loving watch-care, of the testimony of the divinity of his work which burns in their hearts, and to have opportunity to voice their aspirations and holiest desires.

Through the years that are past the Y. L. M. I. A. has marched steadily forward. In the beginning progress was necessarily slow. In this day when schools and different organizations train women for leadership, public speaking, etc., it is hard to appreciate the difficulties of pioneer work when much opposition had to be overcome and when women received their first training for public work in these organizations.

Emphasis has been laid on many of the things Brigham Young spoke about at the initial organization. But some things are almost untouched as yet. However, the most important things have never been lost sight of. We glory in its splendid achievements, but it is only the dawning of the day. Were a vision of this great work in its noon-day splendor vouchsafed to us, it would dazzle our eyes and would perhaps make us feel wholly incapable of carrying on so great a work. The Concord Sage has said: "God screens us evermore from premature ideas, our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the mind is ripened, then we behold them and the time when we saw them not is like a dream."

In the future as in the past it will ever be the chief work of the associations to keep, through the spirit of the meetings, through the things taught, through the prayers, testimonies and music, the girls' minds fixed on the eternal verities of the Gospel, to keep before them ideals of pure, true, purposeful womanhood.

Emerson truly said:

"If your eye is on the eternal, your intellect will grow and your opinions and actions will have a beauty which no learning or combined advantages of other men can rival. The moment of your loss of faith and acceptance of the lucrative standard will be marked in the pause or solstice of genius the sequent retrogression and inevitable loss of attraction to other minds."

Through the teaching and influence of the Mutual will the Young Women of Zion arise and shine because of their gentleness, faith, peace, joy, and love.

Organ solo, Professor J. J. McClellan.

Elder Heber J. Grant followed by a strong address, a short synopsis of which follows on

"THE PLACE OF THE Y. M. M. I. A. IN THE CHURCH."

He spoke of why the Y. M. M. I. A. should exist, and answered by saying, in part, because: 1st. It was organized by the inspiration of President Young.

2nd. It gives the young men some organization they can call their own,—a thing young people much desire.

3rd. It teaches them to preside and conduct themselves properly in public assemblies, and gives them practice to express themselves in public.

4th. It gives opportunity for study along religious, social, scientific, intellectual and physical lines.

5th. It prevents the general organization of clubs, social organizations, select educational societies, and meets the desires and the wants of young people in these activities under Church influence and direction.

What is the field of Y. M. M. I. A.? It is 1st: As a center where the religious thought and activity of the young may find expression. The key-note of our work is to establish in the hearts of the young an individual testimony of the truth and divinity, magnitude, necessity, and value of the gospel, the Church and its institutions. The Y. M. M. I. A. opens a field in which to express this testimony.

2nd. As a rallying place in which the youth may learn from study and experience to develop all noble gifts within them. This implies class work, in conduct, application of religious doctrine, literature, science, history, biography, art, government.

3rd. As a forum where those who have special talents may be encouraged to cultivate them by public expression—where the young may take part in debates, orations, music, story-telling, lectures, writing essays, reading and speaking.

4th. As a social center in which public and private amusements may be carried on, and proper conduct inculcated and made popular. Here the young may engage in musical, dramatic, and other like entertainments, and festivals. Scouting, field-sports, athletic tournaments, excursions, dances, and other social gatherings are here encouraged, giving the young people an opening under proper tutelage and supervision for the pent up energy that might otherwise display itself in wrong actions.

Why this field for the Mutuals? Because, 1st: It is the leading organization in the Church which undertakes to provide these necessary activities for the young people.

2nd. And the field, if not occupied by this Church organization, will be held by private companies and associations not always desirable and clean, but formed for money-making.

3rd. It is the most appropriate organization in the Church for

these activities because (a) its membership is composed of many young men and women whom it is difficult at that age to interest in theological study only, and (b) being broader in scope than any other, it may give full latitude to every legitimate mental, social or physical excellence and enjoyment which the Church desires to foster and promote among the young men and women and to provide every legitimate ambition and impulse to excel in any of these broader fields, without having to seek opportunity in outside organizations.

Why should the Priesthood support the Y. M. M. I. A.? Because, 1st: It is a feeder to the Priesthood quorums.

2nd. It is a vital force for good in the community, and a help to the Priesthood.

3rd. In this field the active Priesthood may find good opportunity to do effective missionary work. No better place for doing good can be found than working with the men and women of the M. I. A. The best workers in the land should be called, if necessary, to do missionary work among the young people in their association activities. Often more practical good and genuine religion can be impressed by a word in the right place, in the games, parties, entertainments, classes and festivals of the young than in much preaching and exhortation.

4th. We therefore ask the co-operation of the Priesthood—particularly the presiding authorities—in this work. Give, we pray you, the boys and girls, your men and women of ability, suitable, lovable and specially fitted, to associate with them and to teach and direct them in their studies, plays, and intellectual and physical activities. Call them on missions to do so if necessary.

Another reason he gave for the need of the Y. M. M. I. A., was: Neither the Priesthood quorums nor the Sunday Schools, nor any of the other organizations of the Church are taking care of a certain great lot of our young people. There may be as high as thirty per cent of them between the ages of say fourteen and seventeen who are not attending any of our organizations. You will notice that we have three strong and splendid organizations, the Sunday School, the Primary, and the Religion Class, with three strong boards working to get the children in line; but many children leave as soon as they get to the dangerous, or adolescent age, and we have only one board and one organization working for the boys between those ages. The little children naturally run to their organizations; at this age they incline to run away from our organization. We need the Y. M. M. I. A., with more effort and greater zeal and enthusiasm, to hold our young people at this age. The Mutual Improvement Association is specially fitted and adapted to do this work effectively, and to interest young men and young women in the great cause of the Lord.

The Granite stake male choruses sang "March Onward," and the benediction was pronounced by President Martha H. Tingey of the Y. L. M. I. A., and the conference adjourned for one year.



SUNRISE ON THE PLAINS OF NEBRASKA—THE CHIMNEY ROCK.

From a Painting by Alfred Lambourne.



THE Chimney Rock, or the Half-Way Post, as it was sometimes suggestively called, was a most picturesque object. It was one of the most noted land-marks to be seen upon the entire trip across the plains. After we had first sighted, through the western opening of a noon corral, the pale blue shaft, wavy through the haze that arose from the heated ground, it seemed to us that the slow-going oxen would never reach it; or rather, that they would never arrive at the point on the road opposite that natural curiosity, for the emigrant trail passed several miles to the northward of the low range of bluffs of which the Chimney Rock is a part. One evening several members of our company tried to walk from our nearest camp to the terraced slopes of the chimney's base, but the distance proved too great. That was our lesson in the deceptiveness of space in that rarified atmosphere—the distance to hills and mountains.

In the picture, on the foregoing page, the Chimney is shown as it appeared from the banks of the Lawrence Creek. An emigrant train—that under the command of Captain John D. Holladay, 1866,—is seen fording the shallow stream. The pioneers had made an early start, just as the light of the rising sun was breaking from behind a mass of clouds that lies along the eastern horizon. The captain was keeping a watchful eye upon the safe passage of each wagon through the water, for in the bed of the creek were quick-sands, and a stop was attended with danger. Eternal vigilance was the price that the captain must pay to bring his company safely over the wilderness of plains and mountains.—From the *Old Journey*, by Alfred Lambourne.

Editor's Table

Strive to be as Broad as the Gospel

The Gospel of Jesus Christ, properly taught and understood, inculcates broadness, force and power. It makes intellectually broad and valiant men. It gives to men good, sound judgment in affairs temporal as well as spiritual. These are reasons why it is worth a young man's while to embrace it. Outside of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught by the Latter-day Saints, and sometimes within the fold, we frequently look about us and see people who incline to extremes, who are fanatical. We may be sure that this class of people do not understand the gospel. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, that it is very unwise to take a fragment of truth and treat it as if it were the whole thing.

For example, it is, of course, essentially just and necessary to believe in Jesus Christ, but it is not characteristic of one who understands the gospel to rest with this belief and consider it enough. The true believer in Jesus teaches that in order to be efficacious, faith, or belief, must be followed by works,—the two go hand in hand.

Again, while prayer is essential and is one of the fundamental principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, it is nonsense for a person to pray only, and not work. A well-balanced person would naturally do everything that he could do and at the same time petition the Lord to help him in his efforts, thus aiding to bring about his desires. By work, patience and integrity, such a person would support his prayers by so living that the Lord could be justified in granting his petitions. The commandments which the Lord has given us, in ages past, and those now being revealed, teach us that human desire and effort are necessary to obtain divine assistance.

We believe in the doctrine of the healing of the sick, as did the ancient saints. We believe that when any person is sick the elders are to be called, that they are to come in answer to that call with clean hands and pure hearts to anoint and bless the sick, and the promise is that the "prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise them up, and if they have committed sins

they shall be forgiven," but even this splendid principle of the gospel is but a fragment of the whole truth, and it would not be wise for us to base our faith on this fragment alone and let our lives be directed thereby, thus failing to perform other duties. It is true that in recent years churches have been founded upon this particle of truth alone—the principle of healing. Many have been misled thereby and some have even left the true Church on its account. This principle of the gospel is deeply embodied in our faith and in the Church. We believe with all our hearts in the healing of the sick, and in administration to them. We strive to live so that we may be worthy of an answer to our prayers and we have thousands of testimonies that these answers have been given by our gracious Father to the saving of the sick, but we understand just as thoroughly that while this is an essential principle of the gospel it is not enough upon which to base our faith and to lay all other things and doctrines aside on its account.

So we might take up every principle of the gospel, but any single one of these is not enough to insure our salvation. There must be the work on the part of the believer, and all the principles must be obeyed. There are certain actions and works that are absolutely necessary to make our faith effective unto salvation. And, as stated, not a single principle will suffice, but in addition to the mercy of God, our progress and salvation will depend upon our faithful performance of every requirement. These must be adopted, accepted and carried out in our lives and every-day actions.

So that, while the first principles of the gospel, faith in God, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, the healing of the sick, the resurrection, and, for that matter, all the revealed principles of the gospel of Christ are necessary and essential in the plan of salvation, it is neither good policy nor sound doctrine to take any one of these, single it out from the whole plan of gospel truth, make it a special hobby, and depend upon it for our salvation and progress either in this world or in the world to come. They are all necessary.

It should be the desire of the Latter-day Saints to become as big and broad as the gospel which has been divinely revealed to them. They should, therefore, hold themselves open to the ac-

ceptance of all the truths of the gospel that have been revealed, that are now being revealed, and that will be revealed hereafter, and adopt them in the conduct of their daily lives. By honorable and upright living, by obedience to the commandments of God, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit, we shall place ourselves in a position to work out our own salvation here and hereafter "with fear and trembling," it may be, but with absolute certainty.

This is a work that makes every soul who engages in it big and broad. It is a life-work worth the while of every man in the world.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

The Annual M. I. A. Conference

The general opinion of those who attended the sessions of the June M. I. A. Conference this year was that it was the best and most practical conference yet held in the history of the Mutual Improvement organizations. The program of the first session practically illustrated in part to what use the open nights may be put.

The morning conjoint session on Sunday included a suggestive preliminary program. The paper on "The Purpose and Method of Preliminary Programs" and the stories given, will appear in the next issue of the ERA as a sample for the organizations.

The afternoon meeting pointed out three lines of study that compose the field of each of the organizations—the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual—and while in the order named, the spiritual comes last, it should be understood by our workers that the spiritual, first, last, and all the time, is a topic for study and consideration. President Joseph F. Smith, in relating his experiences in leaving Nauvoo and crossing the plains, gave utterance to incidents in his life which were of a kind to inspire the young people with the faith of their fathers.

Throughout the whole convention the spirit of the exercises appeared to be that there is not only a necessity but a demand for the Mutual Improvement organizations, and that, in the Church there is a safe and useful place for them. At the evening meeting this was further emphasized by the telling remarks of Elder Heber J. Grant, and by the short addresses given by members of the Board defining the place of the M. I. A. in the Church.

In the officers' meetings on Friday and Saturday there were living enthusiasm and practical notes in every speech. The talks by the representatives from various stakes on articles in the current volume of the ERA in which they were most interested, and why, were encouraging, and demonstrated the good the ERA is accomplishing and the esteem in which it is held by the reading community.

The talks by representatives from some of the stakes on the reading course shows that while we have made only modest progress in this line, still there is an awakening in the matter of reading good literature that is definitely encouraging.

Dr. George H. Brimhall's speech on the Manual gave publicity to a new departure in manual work. This season there will be only one manual for the two classes, the subject matter being of such a character as to be adapted to both the junior and the senior members. The manual will be of a very interesting sociological character and so general in its instructions that it will be adapted to the men and the youth in every stake of Zion.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe's paper on debating was a revelation of what has been accomplished and what is yet to be done in the associations in this division of work.

The representatives who treated "The Fund and How to Collect It," gave some practical pointers which were still more emphasized by the remarks of Elder B. H. Roberts in regard to the necessity of honesty in handling trust money relating to both the ERA and the M. I. A. Fund.

The talk by Elder Lyman R. Martineau on "Some Problems in Athletics," and by Elder Eugene Roberts on "What to Play and How to Play It," awakened deep interest in this phase of our work.

The speech and demonstration of Elder Oscar A. Kirkham on "Music and Drama" filled the officers with enthusiasm, particularly with reference to the singing of hymns and music in the organizations, and the need of the use of good dance music which he declared was a successful remedy for bad dances. The employment and development of the many rather than the display of the few, should be the watchword in our singing and musical exercises, and this, too, should be the slogan in athletics and other M. I. A. activities,

The demonstrations of M. I. A. Scout work at the Friday evening entertainment in the gymnasium as well as the entertainment itself was an inspiration to the officers who attended. Mr. Woods of the Waterloo ward and his M. I. A. Scouts did much to show the value and importance of this division of our work. The folk-dances by the associations from Wilford and Forest Dale wards of the Granite stake of Zion demonstrated the practicability of introducing fascinating entertainments of this kind into our amusements.

While the athletic exercises at Wandamere were not as well attended, nor were there as many entries, as were expected, yet the work done and the interest taken by those who did attend were even better than last season, and the meet proved that we are growing in this activity also.

The singing was unusually attractive and the choruses from the Jordan and Granite stakes, as well as those of the Primary organizations, were worthy of highest praise and commendation. The Tabernacle choir, and the different soloists, including David Smith of Teton, Miss Nora McPherson of Los Angeles, Edna Evans, Mrs. Bessie Browning and the other singers, deserve the sincere thanks of the M. I. A. for the life and pleasure they added to the meetings.

Altogether the convention, in the character and practicability of the exercises, was a complete success, and the attendance and representation from the various stakes was fairly good. Sixty stakes were represented, all but Alberta, Uintah and Panguitch, and there were two hundred seventy representatives present when the roll was called on Friday afternoon. We are sure that the success of our conference will be an inspiration to the officers throughout the Church to put forth renewed energy towards a vigorous campaign and effective work for the season coming.

Hyrum Gibbs Smith

The newly appointed Presiding Patriarch of the Church is the son of Hyrum Fisher and Annie M. (Gibbs) Smith. He is a grandson of the late Patriarch John Smith, and was born in a humble cottage on the west bank of the Jordan river, South Jordan, Salt Lake county, Utah, Tuesday morning, July 8, 1879. He was christened and blessed by his grandfather, John Smith, on the 23rd of the same month.

When about a year old his parents moved to Snake river, Idaho, to seek and make a new home. Later they went to Portage, Box Elder county, Utah, where his father engaged in farming and horse-raising. When Hyrum G. was seven years old the family moved to Hoytsville, Summit county, where he spent fifteen years of his boyhood days upon the farm and range, herding, fishing and swimming in the mountain streams, hunting and riding in the mountain ranges, and assisting his father in his ranch business. He graduated from the public schools in 1896, in the meantime having attended faithfully his duties in the Lesser Priesthood and the auxiliary organizations. In 1897, he attended the Brigham Young Academy, now University, at Provo, taking a three-year normal course. He then taught in the public schools of Wasatch, Summit and Utah counties, following this profession successfully for seven years. During this period he was also active in Church work. He was ordained to the offices of the Lesser Priesthood in their order.

In 1902-3 he acted as assistant in the superintendency of the Summit stake Sunday School, and locally worked in the Religion Class. He has been ordained to these offices in the Higher Priesthood—elder, seventy, high priest, and patriarch.

On August 17, 1904, he was married in the Salt Lake Temple, by John Smith, to Martha Gee, daughter of George W. and Sophina A. (Fuller) Gee, of Provo. On October 5, 1908, he left Utah for Los Angeles to pursue a course in dentistry in the University of Southern California. At the same time he was set apart to perform missionary labor as time and opportunity would permit. He acted for two years as superintendent of the Los Angeles Branch Sunday School, and as president of the Mutual Improvement Association for one year. He also presided over the Church branch there from September, 1911, and labored in this capacity when chosen to succeed his grandfather, John Smith, as Presiding Patriarch of the Church.

On June 5, 1911, he graduated from the University of Southern California, receiving the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery and a gold medal offered for excellency in operative technic by the doctor at the head of the operative department.

Since graduating he practiced his profession until called home to devote all his time to his work as Presiding Patriarch, to which office he was chosen and sustained April 6, and set apart May 9. He is a direct lineal descendant of the martyred Patriarch Hyrum Smith, his great-grandfather, and though a young man, is ten years older than his grandfather was when ordained patriarch. Patriarch Smith was sustained a member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. at the annual conference on Sunday, June 9, 1912. He is a man of pleasing address, and pronounced spirituality, whose sympathies go out to young and old in a way that promises for him the sincere love and respect of the people.



PRESIDING PATRIARCH HYRUM G. SMITH

Sustained April 6, at the General Conference, as Presiding Patriarch of the Church, ordained and set apart to that calling under the hands of the First Presidency and members of the Council of the Twelve in the Salt Lake Temple, May 9, 1912, President Joseph F. Smith officiating. Also sustained as a member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. at the Annual Conference, June 9, 1912.

Messages from the Missions



Elder W. M. Adamson, Billings, Montana, says: "Notwithstanding the misrepresentation of the Latter-day Saints by magazine writers, and by picture-show films which are being exhibited here at one of the leading picture shows, we are progressing. We find in our every-day tracting that these things raise the curiosity of some of the people and give us a chance to explain the truths on our side which is all that we ask. These articles and films will not hurt us nor the cause which we represent if, as elders, we are only energetic in taking advantage of the interest aroused to turn the tide in our favor.

The elders in the photograph are, left to right: Byron Beck, Sanford, Colorado; L. A. Haws, Vernal; Leo Cornish, Cove; W. M. Adamson, Tooele, Utah.

Elder David A. Hanks, writing from Montreal, Canada, April 12, states that the elders are enjoying their missionary work and that the Lord is blessing their efforts and making them profitable and interesting. Their progress among the Canadians has been very pleasing. Montreal has a population of about 700,000, of varied nationalities, and particularly are there many French. The elders in the photo, from left to right, standing: William D. Robertson, Park City; David A. Hanks, Salem; front: Malcolm A. Walters, Tooele; and Heber C. Williams, Greenville, Utah.



Elder Leonard R. Bailey, writing from Charleston, West Virginia, states that the elders herewith have been working in that country all winter, traveling without money. The weather has been as cold as 20 below zero and the snow knee-deep, but this has not prevented them from laboring diligently in the spread of the gospel to the open-hearted Virginians. They testify that success comes by traveling with-

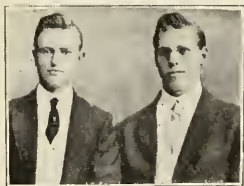
out the use of money. The elders are, back row: William A. Casper, Menan; Alfred A. Bybee, Lyman; Eddie R. Johnston, Paris; George William Bowers, Dempsey, Idaho; Rea Gardner, Spanish Fork; Ray



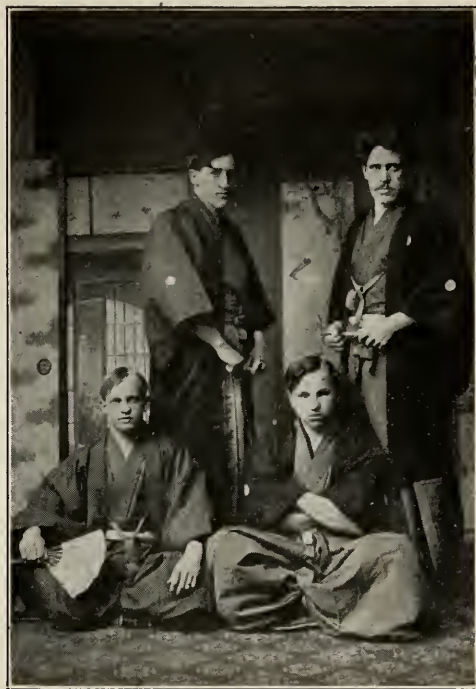
R. Chugg, Ogden; Mark Cook, Vernal, Utah; middle row: Leonard R. Bailey, Calders Station; Jeremiah Baker, Mendon; George H. Ransom, Lewiston, Utah; David Cheney, Sunnyside, Idaho; Charles S. Crow, Salt Lake City, Utah; bottom row: France F. Wetzell, Salt Lake City; Frank L. Winter, Rexburg, Idaho.

Elder John J. Whetton, Derby, England, writes: "We are laboring in the Swadlincote branch of the Nottingham conference, among the miners and clay workers. I emigrated from this town, the place of my birth and boyhood, six years ago, following my parents and brothers to Zion. This branch was closed just shortly after we left, but was opened by myself and companion on the 1st of January, 1912. Since coming we have acquired a visiting list of over forty families of friends and investigators. We rented a hall and opened it on March 10 with an attendance of eighty-five, seventy-five of whom were investigators.

We have organized an M. I. A. and are enjoying the study of the Book of Mormon. Many expressed themselves pleased with our teachings and came again. We feel that much opposition is being overcome, and that prejudice is falling away in the light of truth and reason. The elders are Thomas Martin and John J. Whetton.



Writing from Sapporo, Japan, April 30, Elder Thomas L. Chipman says: "Just a word from this part of the Lord's vineyard to let your readers know that we also are striving for the establishment of



the truth. Our Sunday Schools and meetings have been well attended during the past winter. The audiences at preaching meetings are made up mostly of office men and students. It seems that we have more success among the young generation of men than among the older. The older people have Buddhism so stamped upon their minds that it is next to impossible to get them interested in Christianity. We are four elders in this the northern branch of the Japanese mission. As we believe in living with the people as much as possible we are sending a photo taken in native dress.

The elders, left to right, standing, are: Thomas L. Chipman, American Fork; William S. Ellis, Pleasant View, Weber County, Utah. Sitting: E. Leroy Anderson, Salem, Idaho; A. B. Hintze, Holliday, Utah.

Elder H. B. Haws, writing from Springfield, Missouri, March 20, on the work of the Indiana conference of the Central States Mission, reports that the elders in Springfield are laboring in a very sparsely settled district, and where the farming country is very rocky. "We see prejudice fleeing before reason and the light of investigation, and we have faith that God has not forsaken us altogether among the Ozark hills. The people take good care of us, and we travel without purse or scrip. We feel that we are allaying prejudice and doing much good in introducing the work of the Lord here."

Elder J. Arthur Orme, president of the Queensland conference, Australia, writes: "We have an extensive field of labor here as the

area of Queensland is 429,120,000 acres or 670,500 square miles. It is five and a half times more extensive than Great Britain and Ireland. It is more than three times the size of France and exceeds the area of any country in Europe except Russia. It has a population of 593,234. Although the field is great and the laborers are few, the elders are working hard to get the truth before the people. A great deal of



country work has been done in the last year, and notwithstanding the hot rays of the tropical sun and the opposition, the elders are energetic, and "Conquer we must, for our cause it is just, and this be our motto: 'In God Is Our Trust.'" The elders standing: Fred S. Alvard, Daniel H. Heaton, Paxman Hatch. Sitting: Grant D. Staples, Charles H. Hyde, mission president; J. Arthur Orme, conference president. In front: David Nash and John Smith.

Elder Rea Gardner, writing from Cleveland, Ohio, states that he has labored fifteen months in New York and for the past two months he and Elder Casper have labored together in the S. W. Virginia conference, during which time they have held forty-two meetings. They left Kirtland for Salt Lake, April 13, en route direct to Nauvoo and thence expect to travel over the trail of the exodus of the Saints, expecting to depend entirely upon the hospitality of the people. Their aim is to do as much missionary work as possible distributing litera-

ture and holding meetings. The time to be occupied in making the journey is indefinite.

Elder E. W. Richardson, writing from Toluca, Mexico, May 3, reports that the Toluca conference of the Mexican mission has enjoyed much success in the past few weeks, and from all appearances will continue to do so unless conditions change very materially. They



find some difficulty in traveling owing to the present difficulties in the country. There is considerable anti-American feeling, mostly among the ignorant, half-civilized people. "The rebels are plentiful in the country round here, but we feel safe, and hope that our friends and relatives are not worrying or

concerned for our safety. We have been and are well treated wherever we go. At present we are confined to the mission house at nights, but by means of railroads we visit towns in four directions, twenty miles away, and return at night. The evenings are spent in teaching English free to those who wish to learn. In this way we get opportunities to preach the gospel." Elders, back row: Jos. V. Elton, Garcia; Jos. E. Huish, Morelos; James Whipple, Dublan; Priest Elisee Jiminez, San Pablo. Front row: Conf. Prest. Edmund W. Richardson, Diaz; Broughton Lunt, Pacheco, all of Mexico.

Elder Earl D. Sprague, writing from Roanoke, Virginia, April 4, states that during the last two months the elders laboring in Roanoke of the Virginia conference sold forty Books of Mormon, distributed 2,469 tracts, sold 218 small doctrinal books and held 67 meetings. They had good success in their conversations, especially with professional men and officers of the city. They have obtained a written permit from the mayor to preach on the streets. He adds: "We visited the office of the clerk of courts who told us he had purchased a Book of Mormon and had, after deliberate consideration, decided that it was the work of God, and had used it in administering the oath in his official capacity. We also visited a local physician of note who told us he had purchased the book thirty-five years ago and had decided it of such moment that he placed it in the Roanoke library. This gentleman is very prominent in the city's medical and social circles."

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Explaining Reference in Doctrine and Covenants 135:4.—"Why is there a reference in section 135:4 of the Doctrine and Covenants to Ether 5th chapter, when the text is really in Ether 12:36-38?"

The Book of Mormon had not been divided into chapters and verses with references, by Prof. Orson Pratt, when the reference in the Doctrine and Covenants to Ether 5 was written. Since the Book of Mormon was re-chaptered and versified there has been no change in the Doctrine and Covenants to agree with the new order of the Book of Mormon, and in the former book the original reference still remains, though the right reference, in brackets, it appears to us, should be made in the next edition.

Lesson VI. No Short Cuts to Knowledge.—We have tried in these lessons to give a few practical suggestions that would be of help, both to the teachers of the quorums and the members. In this lesson, I wish merely to impress upon the reader this one fact: There are no short cuts to knowledge. The key to knowledge is good, hard study. In this day of practical methods in all lines of activity, we have even introduced into our advanced schools "methods" in this study, and "devices" in that. Many have forgotten, after all, that it is substance that is needed. And substance comes through the hardest kind of concentration and patient work. In studying the Year Book, it is not expected that the brethren will master it in one reading. Each lesson is a great subject in and of itself, and requires much concentrated effort. I think I am safe in saying that Lesson XVII has been read by me some ten or twelve times, and in studying it, I have referred a number of times to books on the Life of Christ, both in English and German. The more I study it, that is, Lesson XVII, the better I like the Year Book. If you wish to become interested in any thing, especially a book, just feel that you are getting an understanding of it. Then you will be interested, and interest in a subject is the main spring of mental activity.

Another good thing to remember in your studying is this: Try to have a fixed time every evening for study, if it is possible. You might take fifteen minutes some time between nine and ten o'clock. Or you might take only five or ten minutes. The point is, however, that to accomplish any thing, there is nothing like order and regular times in which subjects are studied. Five minutes each day at a certain fixed time is better than haphazard study. Systematic study is better

than an hour of study done here and there, when one is rushed for time.

Have a period, then, for study. Remember that the knowledge one gets comes through hard work. In teaching a lesson, one will be able to devise all sorts of methods to interest the class, if one is filled with a knowledge of his subject.—*Levi Edgar Young*.

A New Course of Study for the Melchizedek Priesthood is under contemplation by the General Committee to include a text for the three higher quorums. It is to deal exhaustively with the subject to be considered, and which is not yet announced, and will be so written that the one book may serve the three quorums. However, for 1913, the Seventies will have a separate year book, but after that time will join the other quorums.

Harmonize Matthew 1:1-17 with Luke 3:23-38.—A selection from lesson 4, note 3, Y. M. M. I. A. Manual, "Life of Christ," enters somewhat into detail on the question, and any Bible dictionary will give explanation:

"Almost every student of scripture has observed, and perhaps been puzzled at, the apparent discrepancy between the two genealogies of Christ, in Matthew 1, and Luke 3. Indeed, this is one of the many objections raised by infidels against the authenticity of the scriptures. Hence, it is important that a key be given, whereby these apparent contradictions may be solved. According to some of the best authorities, this key is found in the Jewish law of adoption. When a man died, it was the law that his brother should marry his widow, and all children subsequently born should belong to the deceased brother. Also, if an older brother died childless, it was a custom for a son of a younger brother to be adopted as the heir of the older. Applying this law to the genealogy of Christ, and remarking further, that Luke gives his natural descent, and Matthew his royal descent, as heir of the throne of David, we have a key to all the discrepancies of importance. As an example: In Matthew, Joseph is spoken of as the son of Jacob; in Luke, as the son of Heli. Jacob and Heli were brothers. Jacob, the elder, was the father of Mary, and Heli the father of Joseph. Having no son, Jacob adopted Heli's son, Joseph, as his heir, and this adoption was confirmed by the marriage of Joseph to his cousin, Mary. In this way, the other discrepancies can be cleared away, and Jesus can be shown to be the natural descendant of David, and, by the law of adoption, heir to his throne. Since 70 A. D., when the Jews were dispersed by the Romans, they have kept no complete genealogical records; hence, no one who arises in the future and claims to be the Messiah, can trace his lineage to Judah. As the Christ was to be of that lineage, Jesus is the only one whose claim to the Messiahship has been, or can be, genealogically established." (For further information see the article, "Genealogy," in *Kitto's Biblical Literature*, or *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*.)

Mutual Work

Convention Dates for 1912.

The following dates for the conventions of the Mutual Improvement Associations for 1912 have been set by the General Boards of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. In case any changes are desired in the dates, the superintendents and presidents of stakes are requested to notify immediately the general secretaries of our organizations.

August 11—Taylor.

August 18—Yellowstone, Wayne, Alberta.

August 19—Platte.

August 25—Fremont, Malad, Pocatello, Cassia, St. Johns, Weber, North Weber, Ogden, North Davis, Rigby.

September 2—Panguitch, Snowflake.

September 8—Ensign, South Sanpete, Uintah, Bannock, Emery, Pioneer, Liberty, Hyrum, Salt Lake, Duchesne.

September 9—Kanab.

September 14-15—St. George.

September 15—Young, Big Horn, Oneida, Blackfoot, Summit, Millard, Juab, Nebo, Bingham, Carbon, Bear River.

September 18—San Luis.

September 22—North Sanpete, Union, Benson, Bear Lake, Cache, Star Valley, Teton, Granite, South Davis, Tooele.

September 29—Sevier, Wasatch, Beaver, Parowan, Jordan, Alpine, Utah, Box Elder, Morgan, Woodruff.

October 13—St. Joseph.

October 20—Maricopa.

Juarez to be named later.

Officers and Members of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

On account of other duties and obligations resting upon them, it was proposed at the annual conference on Sunday, June 9, that the following brethren, who long have been members of the General Board of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, be honorably released. These brethren have been faithful and hard-workers in the cause, but other important duties have been placed upon them, and they were therefore honorably released with the love and blessings of their fellow-workers:

Rodney C. Badger, Douglas M. Todd, Nephi L. Morris, Frank Y. Taylor. Reed Smoot, Moses W. Taylor, O. C. Beebe.

The following names were presented and unanimously sustained as officers and members of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.:

Joseph F. Smith, General Superintendent; Heber J. Grant, B. H. Roberts, assistants.

Aids: Francis M. Lyman, J. Golden Kimball, Junius F. Wells, George H. Brimhall, Edward H. Anderson, Thomas Hull, Willard Done, LeRoi C. Snow, Rudger Clawson, Rulon S. Wells, Joseph W. McMurrin, Bryant S. Hinckley, B. F. Grant, Hyrum M. Smith, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., Lewis T. Cannon, Benjamin Goddard, George Albert Smith, Thomas A. Clawson, Lyman R. Martineau, Charles H. Hart, John A. Widtsoe, James H. Anderson, A. W. Ivins, Oscar A. Kirkham, Anthon H. Lund, George F. Richards, Nephi Anderson, John H. Taylor, Charles W. Penrose, James E. Talmage, Hyrum G. Smith, and Moroni Snow, General Secretary.

The Reading Course, 1912-13

Dr. George H. Brimhall, chairman of the Library and Reading Course Committee, said of the present year's reading course, at the June convention:

"It has been suggested that I refer to the Reading Course. I have been very much interested in that, because I know that if your child hasn't any better place to play he will play in the mud on the street. I know if a man's mind is not properly directed into good fields, it will get into bad fields. We have selected as our reading course, this year, six books. Three of these books are educational, and should be studied. They are text books of a character requiring what we might call work—a little brain work. The first one of these is *Where One-half of the World is Waking Up*, which treats of conditions in China and the Orient, in order that we may become able to think and talk rationally about that country; and the next is *Mexican Trails*, which treats of conditions in Mexico, so that a man may know something about Mexico, that the opinion he may express may have some little background. Then there is *From River to Ocean*, another book which is good reading to me. I started on it, and I read it right through. My fourteen-year-old boy had read it, and he wasn't more interested in it than I was. It treats of the sweep of civilization by the fur-man, by the miner, by the great educator and the agriculturist, the great road-builders and desert-redeemers. And then we have the others, restful books, the recreative, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, a bit of fiction which is calculated to inspire a general desire to do things, and perhaps a special desire to win things out of mother earth, to redeem the earth. That book, I will say, has had six hundred thousand readers in its career. It is quite a new book, too. There are some things in it that we would rather were different, but we cannot get a book that is just what we

want. Then we have the *Piney Ridge Cottage*, written by Brother Nephi Anderson. That is a very instructive and inspiring love story of a country girl in Utah. Then we have *Metta*, by Alfred Lambourne. This is a story that was printed in a series of articles in the *Contributor*, years ago, good literature that a man would be better by reading. That constitutes our course this year.

Second Annual M. I. A. Field Day

One of the features of the splendid M. I. A. conference was the inter-stake track meet in the Motordrome at Wandamere, June 8, under the general direction of the Athletic Committee composed of Lyman R. Martineau, B. F. Grant, Hyrum M. Smith, B. S. Hinckley, Oscar A. Kirkham, and Dr. John H. Taylor. Professor W. E. Day of the Deseret Gymnasium had charge of the events and ably managed the meet which was witnessed by a large gathering of spectators, among whom were Supt. Heber J. Grant and other members of the general board.

The day was ideal and enthusiasm ran high as the winner in each event was announced. M. I. A. medals will be suitably engraved with the event, date and name of the successful winner of first place in the twelve contests, and blue and red ribbons awarded those who won second and third places respectively. Millard stake headed the list for points and highest honors, with Box Elder a close second and Salt Lake third. The other stakes in the contests were Hyrum, Liberty and Weber. The athletic committee expected other leading stakes to enter the meet, but were disappointed. It is the intention to develop in the Y. M. M. I. A. the best talent in the Church, in athletic efficiency, regardless of whether college or high school athletes enter or not. There is much interest in these wholesome sports, among those who do not attend college or who have left school. At the next annual meet it is the intention to classify events so as to provide fair contests for middle aged men as well as for the better college men who might be regarded as in the semi-professional class. This will give the meet a much wider scope and invite more numerous participants in wards and stakes, resulting in bringing together at the June meet the very best men in our organization. We congratulate the athletic committee on the good results so far and on the better outlook gained by the experience of the two annual field days that have been held.

Following is a summary of finals in field events, June 8, 1912:

SENIORS.

100-yard race: Albert Robison of Millard, first; E. W. Watkins of Hyrum, second; Nelson Cooper of Millard, third.

220-yard race: Albert Robison of Millard, first; Nelson Cooper of Millard, second; R. Lauritzen of Weber, third.

440-yard race: H. H. Higgs of Liberty, first; John C. Smith of Millard, second; Leon Willie of Hyrum, third.

880-yard race: Nathan Tolman of Box Elder, first; Charles Roper of Millard, second; John C. Smith of Millard, third.

One mile race: Nathan Tolman of Box Elder, first; Charles Roper of Millard, second.

The relay race was won by Millard stake and was a very pretty event.

Shot put: Malcom Watson of Weber, first; LeRoy Walker of Millard, second; Willard Jensen of Box Elder, third.

Pole vault: Jack Bush of Box Elder, first; Ray Cutler, second; Archie Hunter, third.

High jump: Albert Robison of Millard, first; LeRoy Walker, second; Carl Day, third.

Broad jump: Albert Robison of Millard, first; Jack Bush of Box Elder, second; Willard Jensen, third.

JUNIOR EVENTS.

50-yard dash: Albert Anderson of Box Elder, first; Sidney Burbridge of Salt Lake, second; Irvine Maughan of Hyrum, third.

100-yard dash: Sidney Burbridge of Salt Lake, first; Irvin Maughan of Hyrum, second; Edwin Felt, third.

High jump: Albert Anderson of Box Elder, first; Sidney Burbridge of Salt Lake, second; Irvin Maughan of Hyrum, third.

The closing feature of the meet was a game of base-ball between the Honeyville team of Box Elder stake and a picked nine from Salt Lake. Box Elder not only won the game 8 to 2, but also came in for many compliments for their nobby suits.

Altogether the meet was a success and our hopes are high for 1913. The proper athletic spirit led several of the contesting stakes to enter the meet with less expectation to win than for the effort to secure clean, fair sport and training for sports' sake; after all, "it is more important to play than to win." While to win is of course desirable, it is not paramount.—L. R. M.

Resolutions Respecting Weekly Half-Holiday

At the afternoon meeting on Sunday, of the General Conference of the M. I. A., the following resolutions respecting a weekly half holiday were presented, being read by Elder Heber J. Grant, and unanimously adopted by the officers and members of the organizations:

Whereas, the officers of the Mutual Improvement Associations view with anxiety the tendency of the members of our associations and people generally, especially among the youth, to violate the

sacredness of the Sabbath day by going upon excursions, attending base-ball games, picture shows, and other recreations, and,

Whereas, it is self-evident that people, young and old, require outdoor recreation other than can be obtained after a hard day's labor in stores and offices six days a week; therefore,

Be it resolved by the Mutual Improvement Associations in annual conference assembled,

First, That we recognize the sacredness of the Sabbath day, and our obligation to keep it holy.

Second, That to aid in the accomplishment of this obligation, we appeal to the business institutions throughout the stakes of Zion to follow the custom now almost universally prevailing in the East, of closing stores and other places of business at noon on Saturday, during the months of June, July and August, of each year, to enable the working classes to obtain the needed rest and recreation.

Third, Recognizing also that labor in gardens, on farms, and in homes, becomes just as irksome, when unrelieved by occasional holidays and opportunities for recreations, as labor in stores and offices, we ask that parents and employers of such labor as is mentioned in this paragraph, grant each Saturday afternoon as a half holiday to their sons and daughters and employees.

Fourth, Be it further resolved that the authorities of the Improvement Associations through the stakes and wards of Zion be appealed to to use their influence among business men and institutions to promote the object of these resolutions.

Nebo Stake M. I. A. Day

The Nebo Stake M. I. A. Day was observed at Eureka, Tuesday, May 28. The day was the most successful ever held by the associations of this stake. During the winter contests in quartet singing by both young ladies and young men, story telling contests by the junior boys and girls, and debates, have been held. A regular schedule has been followed, every ward having taken part in the contests. The stake was divided into four districts, and the contests arranged so that there were, First, ward contests for the selection of the team; then inter-ward meets for the selection of the district champions; finally, inter-district contests for the selection of the best team in two districts. These final winners of the northern districts then met the winners of the two southern districts on M. I. A. Day to determine the stake champions. Similar schedules had been arranged and carried out in baseball and relay racing. A special train was run from the valley to Eureka, carrying 350 M. I. A. workers and supporters, accompanied by the Spanish Fork silver band. The train arrived at 10:39, when a march headed by the band was formed to the L. D. S. Church, where the contests were held. The morning program consisted of music from the band, ladies quartet, contests between Benjamin and Payson First Ward, won by the Payson girls; a male quartet contest between Spanish Fork Fourth ward and Knightville, won by the Knightville boys. The junior girls' story-telling contest was between Miss Johnson, Ben-

jamin, and Miss Parsons of Mammoth, won by Miss Parsons. The junior boys story-telling contest was won by James Carlquist, Spanish Fork, Third ward. Clarence Lichfield, who was unable to appear, also received a prize for his efficient work in winning his ward, district and southern division.

At 1:30 the final M. I. A. debate was held between a team from Spanish Fork First and Eureka ward. Question: "Resolved that a legislative initiative and referendum law should be introduced by our state government." Spanish Fork, First ward, affirmative, Eureka. negative; the affirmative won. After the debate the company, again headed by the band, adjourned to the base-ball park, where the contests were continued. The game between Salem and Benjamin was won by Benjamin. The 100-yard dash was won by Madsen, of Goshen; 50-yard dash, by Glen Davis, of Benjamin; 200-yard relay of four junior boys, won by Benjamin; and the 400-yard relay for seniors, won also by Benjamin. In the evening an M. I. A. ball was held in the Elk's Pavilion for which more than 275 tickets were sold, besides free tickets to the contestants. The train left Eureka at 11:45 and returned without an accident or incident to mar the success of the day. Supt. Melvin Wilson is congratulated upon the splendid conduct of the organization.

The elders laboring in Lynchburg, Virginia, have been very successful during the past winter, where they have labored for about four months. The



fruits of their labors are now appearing for on the 14th of April a very successful open-air baptismal meeting was held at the water's edge. There were about two hundred people to witness the baptisms. Ten people were added to the fold of Christ, seven being baptized by Elder J. W. Hess and three by Elder

Ernest Turley. The elders in the picture are, left to right, front row: Ernest Turley, Juarez, Mexico; H. B. Aycock, Pikeville, North Carolina. Back row: Marion Whittle, Marysville, Idaho; Joseph W. Hess, Plymouth, Utah.

Passing Events

O. A. Andelin, father of Willard Andelin, the celebrated basso, died at his home in Richfield, Utah, Tuesday, May 14. He was born in Sweden, in 1842, and came to Utah in 1864. He was one of the loved and revered pioneers of the Sevier valley where he lived almost continually since his arrival in Utah.

George O. Bleak died in Hamburg, Germany, April 18, and was buried in Salt Lake City from the Twenty-second Ward chapel, May 11, 1912. He left this city June 2, 1910, to perform missionary labor in Switzerland and Germany. He was called to Hamburg, took cold on the trip, which developed into typhoid fever, which caused his death.

Forest Dale was started on its way to be annexed to Salt Lake City, by the city commissioners of Salt Lake City on the 27th of May. By permission and resolution of the commissioners, the bonded indebtedness, which amounts to about \$20,000, will be assumed by the city when the town is annexed to Salt Lake City, which will occur after the proper plats have been filed.

The Panama Canal Shipping bill passed the House of Representatives on May 23. It provides that American coastwise ships may use the canal free of charge, while foreign vessels and American ships in foreign trade must pay a toll not to exceed \$1.25 per net registered ton. Railroad companies, subject to Interstate Commerce laws, are forbidden to own, lease, or operate ships that use the canal.

The Thompson Memorial scholarships were awarded by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California on June 3. These scholarships each amount to \$600 annually, for five students. The winning students this year were: James Blood Linford, Logan, Charles Yale Pfoutz, Salt Lake City, John G. McQuarrie, Beaver, Agnes Lina Nolan, Salt Lake City, Alvin George Foord, Murray.

The three northern kings of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, met at the time of the burial of the late king of Denmark. It was the third occasion in the history of the three kingdoms that the three northern kings have ever met. The first meeting was held in 1101, the second, at Helsingborg, in 1310, and the third now at the burial of King Frederick VIII. The two previous meetings dealt with questions of peace between the nations, so that this is said to be the first

time in the history of these nations that their kings have met out of united sympathy.

"Piney Ridge Cottage," by Nephi Anderson, is the delightful love story of a "Mormon" country girl. It is a book of some 237 pages with an introduction by Professor John Henry Evans. Those who read the story will agree that it is a clean and inspiring exposition of many familiar phases of country life among the Latter-day Saints. The book has been adopted in the reading course of the Y. M. M. I. A. Those who have read other stories by Nephi Anderson will be glad of the opportunity to add this new volume to their libraries. *Deseret News*, printers; price 75c.

The Republican National Convention met in Chicago on June 18. Senator Elihu Root of New York was elected temporary chairman. Former President Theodore Roosevelt and President William H. Taft, both of whom have been carrying on a vigorous campaign—not the happiest in its character—were the main candidates for nomination of the Republican party for president of the United States. It was clearly evident from the first that President Taft had control of the convention. Owing to contests, it appears at this writing (21st) that the convention may not complete its work during the week.

The Senate "Titanic" Investigating Committee in its report, presented on May 28, finds that the loss of life was due to the neglect of Captain Smith to heed the danger warnings sent him, and also the failure of Captain Lord of the *Californian* to respond to the distress signals. The report also charges that the crew of the *Titanic* was too small, undisciplined and unfamiliar with the ship. It was recommended that a medal containing a thousand dollars worth of gold be presented to Captain Rostron of the *Carpathia*, and that he receive the thanks of Congress for responding to the *Titanic's* appeal for help. This recommendation was adopted unanimously.

The Utah Agricultural College graduated fifty-one students who received degrees, May 28, 1912. All the graduates who desired, secured employment. Three will go into federal work as agricultural experts; several will go away for advanced study; six will be employed by the state of Utah in various scientific capacities. President L. A. Stephens of the student body, who graduated this year, is elected principal of the Millard Stake Academy. Nineteen of the seniors will teach in the high schools and academies of the West. The exercises for the nineteenth commencement included an address to the graduates by Governor William Spry, and the baccalaureate sermon by Apostle James E. Talmage. Professor Ray B. West, a native of Utah, a graduate of Cornell and of the U. A. C., has been elected to the professorship of agricultural engineering.

A revolt in Cuba has been going on for some weeks beginning with an armed insurrection of the negroes which was made public on May 20, at which date President Taft ordered 2,000 marines to embark for the protection of American life and property on the island. Two divisions of the Atlantic fleet were ordered to mobilize at Key West, on May 25, and a gunboat was sent to Cuba for the protection of American interests. This was followed by a protest from President Gomez against American naval activity. The Cuban president declared that his government was capable of dealing with the situation. The negroes in arms are said to be protesting against laws that restrict their political liberties. It is also said that they are making trouble in the hope that the United States will intervene in such a way as to bring about the re-election of President Gomez. On American ships close at hand are four thousand sailormen.

Metta, a Sierra love tale, by Alfred Lambourne, is a charming, pure, and interesting love story. The scenes are laid about Lake Tahoe, and the semi-tropical beauties of Santa Barbara and the Pacific coast. The descriptions of this romantic West are delightfully interwoven in the story. While the description naturally impresses the reader, the story itself shows the artist in every line and page. As one progresses with the details of the plot, the human interest of the story rises in superiority, even over the beautiful description. Not only that, but the beauty of the character of Metta, the girl in the story, stays with the reader. The country about Lake Tahoe, the Channel Islands, the Pacific coast, and Santa Barbara is naturally charming, and in this setting of natural attractiveness, Mr. Lambourne has succeeded in placing just as pretty a picture of human interest, character, and love. The book has been adopted in the Y. M. M. I. A. reading course for 1912-13, price \$1 net, *Deseret News*, publishers.

The Maeser Memorial building was dedicated and presented to the Church at Provo on May 30. Appropriate exercises were carried out, and President Joseph F. Smith pronounced the dedicatory prayer. At the Alumni Association banquet that afternoon, Horace H. Cummings of the Church school system announced that there were endowments awaiting the Brigham Young University which would bring it through poverty to independence, and that the Maeser Memorial building was only a nucleus for a great Church university to be finally erected there. Seven years ago, the Alumni Association manifested a desire to erect a monument to the name and memory of their beloved teacher, Karl G. Maeser, and in conformity with these resolutions, five years ago, May 30, ground was broken and soon thereafter the building was begun. The building has cost, exclusive of the heating plant, electric light fixtures, and furniture, \$144,950.63. Eighteen hundred persons, including Church organizations and pri-

vate firms, have contributed to this fund, the largest personal contributor being Jesse Knight, whose account amounts to \$38,881.05.

Dr. W. H. Groves' Latter-day Saints Hospital Training School for Nurses held commencement exercises, class 1912, at the Odeon hall, Wednesday evening, June 5. The exercises were of a lively character and showed the careful training which the nurses had received in this excellent institution. There were fifteen in the graduating class. The new class for 1913 is now being formed and young ladies who desire to enter the training school should address their applications at once to Charlotte E. Dancy at the hospital. No educational information that a young woman can acquire is of more importance than that here obtained, and the experience which she gets in the course is something that will be of rich value to her throughout life. Not as many as the prestige of the institution and the value of the training justify have entered this training school, and it is especially desired that young ladies of the Church should take advantage of this golden opportunity now offered. All applicants should be of good physique, over nineteen years of age, and should have had one year's high school or its equivalent.

"The Restoration of the Gospel," is a book by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, principal of the L. D. S. High School, 243 pages, just issued by the *Deseret News*, and treating this important subject in twenty-three chapters. It contains an introduction by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, and a foreword by the author. It is mostly a compilation and arrangement of the lessons given last year by the Y. L. M. I. A., but has several chapters specially prepared for this volume. The book answers two questions: "What was restored?" and, "How was it restored?" This requires an explanation in great part of the modern gospel message to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and a description of its restoration and the establishment of the priesthood with its authority to officiate for the Lord; also an explanation of the organizations through which this priesthood acts. The text of the new book meets the requirement, treats the subject clearly, and discusses many new facts not as a rule considered heretofore by other writers. The information is of great value, and the spirit of the work is destined to promote faith in the restoration of the gospel by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in the Church established by the Lord through his instrumentality.

New Wards and Changes in Bishops, etc., for the month of May, 1912, as reported by the Presiding Bishop's office:

New Bishops. Ole N. Tuft, Lawrence ward, Emery stake, to succeed Christian M. Miller. John H. Seymour, Oakley ward, Summit stake, to succeed Wm. P. Richards. John Barton (acting), Almy ward, Woodruff stake, to succeed James Blight. Chas. F. Olsen (acting), Manila ward, Woodruff stake, to succeed Willis Twitchell.

Lorenzo Durfee, Almo ward, Cassia stake, to succeed David O. Allen. Isaac T. Price (dead), Round Valley ward, Bear Lake stake.

Ward Clerks. Thomas W. Hacking, Cedar Valley ward, Alpine stake, to succeed Orson E. Hacking. August Dittmar, Twenty-fifth ward, Pioner stake, to succeed Robert H. Merchant. Wells Bradley, Preston ward, North Weber stake, to succeed Anna C. Arnoldson. William W. Purrington, Wilson ward, North Weber stake, to succeed David Pingree. Samuel Ayton, Rexburg Second, Fremont stake, to succeed Edwin Walker. Willis E. Terry, Timpanogas ward, Utah stake to succeed J. S. Park. W. G. Bruce, Miller ward, Granite stake, to succeed Geo. A. Smith. Elijah Gilbert, Fairview ward, Oneida stake, to succeed Joshua Rallison. Charles Wake, Almo ward, Cassia stake, to succeed E. Louisa Allen. Jos. A. Vance, Rosette ward, Box Elder stake, to succeed Jesse B. Grover. Jos. Palmer, Park Valley ward, Box Elder stake, to succeed John G. Chadwick. Clem Christensen, Lawrence ward, Emery stake, to succeed Martha E. Miller. Geo. C. Hobson, Ogden Sixth ward, Ogden stake, to succeed Aaron G. Maw. Lester Bingham, Maeser ward, Uintah stake, to succeed Morley Jones.

Relief Society Day in Samoa—La Vera Wilcox, writing from Sauniatu, Upola, Samoa, March 30, 1912, sends the ERA an account of the Relief Society celebration held there on the 15th of March. Their meetinghouse was richly decorated with flowers and foliage. The meeting was held at 10 o'clock and the native president of the Relief Society had charge. Some of the leading elders laboring in the conference spoke. There were songs, recitations, short speeches, and other appropriate exercises in commemoration of the founding of the society, March 17. At one o'clock everybody again gathered to partake of a repast prepared by the Relief Society. There was more singing and speech-making and the remainder of the time was spent in games and dancing. A social was held in the evening at which refreshments were served. The Relief Society in Samoa are making wonderful progress and the members are diligent and anxious to learn. Sister Wilcox requests the ERA to give the above condensation of the affair in a more extended form, in the Samoan language, pleading that the Saints are always interested in the messages and pictures of the missionaries, and that they would enjoy reading an article in the ERA in their own language. We have consented to the innovation, this once:

O lau tala lenci ia mea sa fai e le an alofa i Sauniatu, e faaaloalo ai le aso na faatuina ai le au alofa.

Sa amata le lotu a le au alofa i le itula e sefulu. O viga sa pule ai. Ona pepese ai lea le viiga "Ina omaia o lean usopele." O Misi Sima sa taitai i le tatalo. Ona toe pepese ai lea le viiga "O agaga o i taton nei." Ona tulai ai lea Misi Piva ma fai se faatonuga. Ona tulai ai lea Viga ma fai sana lauga i le inga o le an alofa ma a latou galuega. Ona valaauina ai lea le alii pule o Misi Kelisiano na te faia se lauga. Sa na fai se tala ia Helemana ma le toa lua afe taulelea. Ona valaauin ai lea, Misi Elisapeta, ma Misi Levila ma Misi Melita

e lagi se pese, o le pese e 182. Ona valaauina ai lea le faifeau o Taulago e fai sana lauga. Sa na fai le faatusa i le uiga o le au alofa. Ona valaauina ai lea Misi Elisapeta e fai sana lauga. Sa na faamatala atu le faatuina o le au alofa e Iosefa Samita. Ona tuna ai lea le lotu i le viiga "Ina faafetai i le Atua." O Misi Piva sa faai le lotu i le tatalo. Ole aofai o le lotu e toa 110.

Sa toe faapotopoto faatasi, le ruu atoa, i le itula etasi, e fai le taumafataga. O Misi Kelisiano sa fai le faafetai. Sa i ai mea nei e taumafa, o pailo, malie, ia eseese, ula vai, ula sami, afato, faausi, piasua, moa, lupe, sua, talo, fala, meleni tolo. Sa fai le pese a le au alofa ao fai le taumafataga. O faifeau o Aulelio, Saimasina, Filiaga ma Misi Sima, so tutulai i latou ma fai o latou faafetai i le au alofa ma le taumafataga sa saunia. Ole aofai o e sa i ai e toa 150.

Sa fai kilikiki ma siva ma lafoga i le afiafi. Sa toe faapotopoto le vuui i le fale sa i le afiafi, i le va o le fitu ma le valu, e fai le fiafia. Sa amata le fiafia i le pese "Ua tulei mai le Siufofoga." O le faifeau o Simite sa taitai i le tatalo. Ona valaauina ai lea le aiga o Opapo e fai le siva. Ona valaauina ai lea nisi e fai siva mapese. Ona tufatufa ai lea o keke ma lemoneti. Ona valaauina ai lea nisi aiga e fai siva mapese. Ona valaau ai lea Misi Luta e fai sana pese. Ona valaauina ai lea nisi e fai siva mapese. Ona toe tufatufa ai lea o keke ma lemoneti. Ona valaau ai lea nisi e fai pese. Ona toe tufatufa ai lea o keke. Ona tuna ai lea i le pese e 160. O Sinei sa faainina le fiafia i le tatalo.

Sa matua lelei le aso atoa ma mea uma sa fai. Ua alualu i luma lava le galuega a le au alofa i lenei nuu a Sauniatu. Ua latou toaga lelei i mea una ma ua latou fiafia lava e avaoina le poto ma le malamalama. Ia alofa ma fesoasoani mai le Atua i au alofa uma i le lalolagi.

O Misi Levila na tusia le tola.

Dr. George Thomas, Professor of Economics at the Utah Agricultural College, has just received from the press of D. C. Heath & Company, his book on **Civil Government in Utah**. This book is a

treatment of the state, county and municipal laws of Utah and is attracting favorable attention, appearing, as it does, at the time of much proposed reform in especially city and state government.



Professor Thomas graduated from Harvard University and from the University at Hulle, in Germany, and is a keen student of politics and of school methods. He was formerly president of the Utah State Teacher's Association and has always maintained an active interest in school matters at Logan, being a combined Democratic and Republican nominee for the School Board, of which he is president.

Many favorable comments are being made by eastern as well as western educators upon the new book.

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